Bombay Gazette.

VOLUME XXXIX.] WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30TH 1828. [NUMBER 1977.

NOTICE,

THE Editor of the BOMBAY PRICE CURRENT and COMMERCIAL REGISTER has the pleasure to announce to the Gentlemen who have already honored him with their Subscription, and those who may now be induced to become Subscribers, that THE HON'BLE THE GOVERNOR IN COUNCIL has been graciously pleased to allow that Publication to be circulated free of Postage.

The first Number of the BOMBAY PRICE CURRENT will be published on the 3d Prozimo.

For Sale at the Gazette Office.

BOMBAY
30th April 1828.

NOTICE.

HIS Majesty's Sloop FLY remaining unsold, notice is hereby given, that she will be disposed of by Public Auction, at His Majesty's Naval Arsenal, on Saturday the 10th of May, at one o'clock, on the terms originally named in former Advertisements.

By order of His Excellency the Naval Commander in Chief,
JOHN POLLEXFEN,
H. M. Master Shipwright

WOOLER AND CO.

WILL open for Sale on the 1st May, an assortment of fresh KITCHEN and FLOWER GARDEN SEEDS and BULBS from the Cape.

W. and CO. have for Sale on Commission, a very neat CARRIAGE, or SHIGRAMPOE, in excellent repair.

Bombay, 30th April 1828.

WINES
FOR SALE AT THE
GODOWNS
OF
MESSRS. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS.

SPARKLING Champaigne	Rs.	40 to 60	per doz.
Harper and Bell's 1st Growth	in half and quarter Chests.	40	ditto.
		30	ditto.
		700	per pipe.
		24	per doz.
		24	ditto.
		26	ditto.
		30	ditto.

...al in Pints, Barsac, Vin de Grave, and ...perior old Vidouia, Muscatel, &c.

Sherry (MAXWELL & KEYS) in half Chests	30	ditto.
Port	28	ditto.
Ditto in Puns	15	ditto.
Clarets from Ditto	40	ditto.
And a few dozen of superior Burgundy	75	ditto.

Bombay, 30th April 1828.

...IDA, MAGNESIA, CHELTEN...AM AND SEDLITZ WATERS.

Messrs. Sprague & Co.

CONTINUE to receive regular supplies of the above article from England and Bengal, the latter manufactured by Messrs. FRITH GORDON AND Co. with the most powerful machinery in India.

Orders from Outstations, accompanied by a remittance, promptly attended to.

Bombay, 30th April 1828.

REAL CHELTENHAM SALTS.

THESE salts, the only genuine production of Mr. THOMPSON'S MONTPELLIER Spas at Cheltenham, and which according to the analyses of Sir Humphrey Davy contain all the virtues of the Spa Waters, to be had at Mr. DE GAMA'S, to whom they have been consigned direct from Cheltenham.

This Day,

WEDNESDAY the 30th Instant.

FRITH
Bomanjee & Co.

WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION.
AT THEIR ROOMS,

AN Invoice of Window Glass, of various dimensions, in lots of one and two cases; the same is now on veiw.

And the same day they will sell a handsome Gold Watch by Baraud, a variety of Piece Goods, Handkerchiefs, Patent Shot, Bells (entirely new), a PALANKEEN and bathing TUB, and numerous other articles.

Nesbit Lane, 30th April 1828.

BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

THIS DAY,

WEDNESDAY the 30th INSTANT.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

WILL PUT UP FOR SALE
AT THEIR ROOMS.

A HANDSOME Barouche, pair of BAY HORSES, (well matched,) and HARNESS. The prorperty of a family leaving the Presidency; an English built Landau, and a Barouche without Harness, Also a Bay Saddle Horse 4 years old.

The first article is a neat and handsome equipage, been constantly driven, and in capital repair.

Nesbit Lane, 30th April 1828.

TO BE SOLD
BY PUBLIC AUCTION
THIS DAY.

WEDNESDAY the 30th Instant.
AT
FRITH
Bomanjee and Co's,
ROOMS.

THE following articles, being the property of an Officer leaving the country, viz.

Silver Plate consisting of Tea and Coffee Pot, Milk Bowl, Table Desert and Tea Spoons, Table Forks, Muffineers, Marrow Spoons, Hookah Apparatus, and a Silver Watch with Gold Seal, a Plated Tea Pot and pair of Curry Dishes, a brace of Duelling Pistols, several dozens of Madeira Wine, and various articles of Household Furniture, and a collection of Books—among which are "Scott's Poetical Works, Novels and Tales of the Author of Waverley, Richardson's Persian, English and Arabic Dictionary, Essays on the Art of War, British Public Characters 9 vols. Hume and Smollett's History of England, staff Regulation Sword with Steel Scabbard, Staff Cook'd Hat and Plume, Handsome Buggy Harness, a first size compound Microscope, quite new in mahogany case, a Maguet, Color Box, Dish Covers and various Cooking Utensils, a full sized Map of India, a Saddle and Bridle, a quantity of Earthenware, a well broke Saddle Horse, a Pony, and a milch Goat, and a handsome MEHANNAH PALANKEEN.

They will sell a double Poled Tent complete, and two Single Poled Ditto.

Nesbit Lane, 30th April 1828.

THIS DAY
WEDNESDAY the 30th Instant.
FRITH
Bomanjee and Co,

WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION
AT THEIR ROOMS,

A QUANTITY of partially Damaged British Broad Cloth, Colours, Scarlet, Blue Black and Olive.

Nisbit Lane, 30th April 1828,

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION

THE undermentioned valuable Coloured and Plain Prints.

Dorithea, very scarce	Rs.	85
Titania		80
The Village School in an Uproar and Reading the Will, by Wilkie	a pair	125
The Right Hon. Geo. Canning and The Right Hon. Earl of Liverpool	a pair	100
Two Prints Fox Hunting		125
The Paphian Bower		75
The Flower Girl (very scarce)		75
Portrait of Sir W. Scott		35
Echo and Iris, a Pair		35

The above are highly finished in Handsome Gilt Frames.

Nesbit Lane, 30th April 1828.

FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION.
A POWERFUL
ENGLISH GELDING,

JUST landed, bright bay with black points, Rising 6 Years Old. Remarkably Quiet and fit for any work.

PRICE Rs. 1000.

Apply to FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO.

Nesbit Lane, 30th April 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION,

A FEW CANISTERS OF FISHER'S MIXED BISCUITS at per Cannister 10 Rs.

Nesbit Lane 30th April 1828.

FOR SALE
A EUROPE COW
IN FULL MILK,
JUST IMPORTED,
AND
SIX ENGLISH SHEEP,

IN FINE CONDITION.

Apply to FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO.

Nisbit Lane, 30th April 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION,

A DETONATING Gun by "Forsyth" completely fitted in a Mahogany Case, Price Rs. 700.

FOR SALE,
ON COMMISSION

A QUITE New Handsome Ladies Riding Habit, made and sent out to order, for a Lady who has left the Country.—Apply to FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO.

THE Chronicles of the Cannongate by the Author of Waverly may be had Elegantly bound at Rs. 25 the Copy on Application to FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO.

Nisbt Lane, 30th April 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION,

AN ELEGANT New Town built Laundelet constructed of the best Materials.

PRICE RUPEES 2,500.

A CARD.

WANTED for a Regimental Mess stationed at Rajkote a Mess Man of respectability, for Particulars—Apply to FRITH BOMANJEE & CO

Nesbit Lane, 30th April 1828.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

THAT in a certain Cause now pending on the Equity Side of the Honorable the Supreme Court of Judicature at Madras, in which EDWARD SAMUEL MOORAT and JOHN MOORAT are Complainants, and the Reverend SARKJES THEODORE and another are Defendants,—A WRIT OF INJUNCTION, dated this 12th day of April 1828, has been issued, by the Order and under the Seal of the said Court, to RESTRAIN the Defendant Sarkjes Theodore, his Attornies and Agents, from selling, disposing of, or otherwise parting or dealing with the following Company's Securities, viz.

No.	137 of 2406	for Sicca Rs.	1,00,000
"	138 of 2406	for " "	1,00,000
"	139 of 2406	for " "	1,00,000
"	293 of 2395	for " "	1,00,000
"	412 of 2395	for " "	7,000

or any or either of the said Securities or any part thereof respectively or from transferring the said several Securities, or any or either of them, or any part thereof respectively.

The Public are therefore hereby cautioned from purchasing or receiving any or either of the said several Securities, and which are the Securities mentioned in the Advertisement dated 24th March last, which appeared in the Madras Government Gazette published on the 27th March last.

And it is requested, that if the said several Securities, or any or either of them, shall be offered for Sale, that immediate Notice thereof be given to the said Complainants at Madras.

Madras, 12th April, 1828.

FOR SALE
AT THE
GODOWNS
OF
MESSRS. REMINTON CRAWFORD AND CO.

FINE OLD SHERRY (Pale and Brown) in Butt and Hogshead at	Rs. 900 per Butt.
Ditto. Ditto. in six or three Dozen Cases at	Rs. 25 per Doz.
First Growth Claret from TODD AND BOSANQUET in Six dozen Cases, at	Rs. 40 per Doz.

Bombay, 30th April 1828.

Higgs & Briggs

WILL SELL

BY AUCTION,

To-morrow the 1st of May 1828.

A. McCabe's,

SILVER Hunting Watch, Carboys of Persian Tobacco, fresh Bengal Cheroots, to be Sold without reserve to settle an account a few Cases of French Claret and Foolscap Drawing Paper.

AT ONE O'CLOCK,

A NEAT

ENGLISH BUILT

STANHOPE,

HORSE

AND HARNESS,

The STANHOPE has just been painted. The Horse is a good one and Steady in Harness, they are parted with in consequence of the owner having given up driving a Buggy.

AN EXCELLENT

AND NOTED

PONY,

WITHOUT RESERVE

AN ENGLISH BUILT

CURRICLE

WITH DOUBLE AND SINGLE

HARNESS

A NEAT LIGHT

SHIGRAMPOE,

THREE FRESH

ARAB HORSES,

A GREY AND TWO BAYS.

Meadows treet, 30th April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs.

WILL SELL

BY AUCTION

To-morrow the 1st Instant.

DAY and Martin's Blacking, just imported, Dried Tongues, Red Herrings, New Regulation Swords, and a large Assortment of Glass Ware.

Meadows Street, 30th April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION,

AN ELEGANT

SET OF

DECANTERS.

A PAIR of Handled Claret Decanters 2 Pair Large and Small Ditto.

PRICE Rs. 300.

Meadow street, 30th April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION.

A VERY HANDSOME

DARK GREY

ARAB HORSE.

SIX Years old, very gentle, and has been constantly riden by a Lady; He is also perfectly Steady with Troops, firing &c. and from his uncommon Gentleness would be an acquisition to a timid rider, or for a Lady.

PRICE Rs. 650.

Meadows treet, 30th April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION,

TWO NEW

DENNETS,

PRICE EACH RS. 850.

Meadows Street, 30th April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION

A VERY NEAT

CALCUTTA BUILT,

STANHOPE,

AND HARNESS,

PRICE Rs. 800.

Meadows Street, 30th April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION

LOCH FINE

HERRINGS,

JUST IMPORTED PER CATHERINE

In Kegs Containing about one Hundred,

PRICE PER KEG Rs. 5.

Meadows Street, 30th April 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE

VERY STOUT

LONG CLOTH,

SUITABLE FOR

SHEETS OR PANTALOONS.

Price per Piece of 40 Yards

RUPEES 14.

Meadows Street, 30th April 1828.

TO SPORTSMEN.

TO BE SOLD

ON COMMISSION

A MOST EXCELLENT.

DOUBLE barrelled GUN by John Manton. Flint locks of the very best Workmanship. It has only been used a small part of one Partridge Season in England, and was selected by an Old Sportsman.

PRICE Rs. 400.

Oakcase &c. complete Enquire of HIGGS AND BRIGGS.

Meadows Street, 30th April 1828.

TO BE SOLD.

A LIGHT Europe built Phaeton, with hood, apron, and lamps,—and harness complete, with spare shafts and harness (quite new) for a single Horse:—with a couple of steady Arabs, one of which makes an excellent Lady's Horse, for 1400 Rupees.

Also, a capital gray CHARGER (its former owner valued it at 800 Rupees): for 400 Rupees.

Also, a Gibson's Side Saddle and Bridle made to order and not used more than once or twice, for Rupees 100.

The property of a Gentleman leaving India. Apply to Messrs. HIGGS AND BRIGGS.

Bombay, 30th April 1828

A CARD.

THOMAS MATHIES,

RESPECTFULLY begs leave to inform the Gentlemen of the Presidency and its Dependencies, that any Orders he may be favoured with in the Manufacturing branches of Gold and SILVER and REGIMENTAL ORNAMENTS &c. will be punctually attended to, and executed in a superior style of workmanship.

Bombay, No. 7. Forbes Street.

THOMAS MATHIES,

CHRONOMETER, WATCH AND CLOCKMAKER,

HAS RECEIVED,

FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION

A BOX Chronometer, by John Arnold and Son,

A Box Chronometer, by McLachlan and Westwood,

A Silver Chronometer, by Brockbank,

A Gold Chronometer by Arnold, and

A Gold Chronometer, by D. and W. Saunders Morice.

No. 7, Forbes Street.

FOR SALE,

AT THE

GODOWNS

OF

Messrs. PATRICK STEWART AND CO.

SODA WATER in Pint Bottles, from SCHWEPPE'S of London in Casks of 6 dozen each at Six Rupees per dozen.

Bombay, 30th April 1828.

FOR SALE

AT THE

GODOWNS

OF

Messrs. PATRICK STEWART AND CO.

A VERY handsome London Built STANHOPE, will a Set of BRASS MOUNTED HARNESS.

Bombay, 30th April 1828.

NOTICE.

MR. ARCHIBALD INGLIS having been appointed the Agent at Bombay of the HOPE INSURANCE COMPANY of CALCUTTA, Policies of Insurance will be granted by him on the usual terms, on application at his Office.

Bombay, 30th April 1828.

FOR SALE.

A FINE, New Teak built CUTTER, of 50 Tons burthen, Copper bottom, and has the character of being a Remarkably fast Sailer; For particulars apply at the Office of H. F. OWEN, MEADOWS STREET.

FOR SALE

AT THE

GAZETTE OFFICE,

THE UNDERMENTIONED PRINTED BLANK FORMS.

BILLS of Exchange, per sett	Rs.	" 2 "
Powers of Attorney, each	"	" 2 "
Interest Bonds, do.	"	" 2 "
Respondentia Bonds do.	"	1 " "
Policies of Insurance do.	"	1 " "
Bills of Lading per set	"	" 2 "
Price Currents each	"	" 2 "

Bombay, 30th April 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO LIVERPOOL,

THE NEW BRIG

Gleniffer,

OF 318 TONS,

Robert Stevenson,

COMMANDER,

APPLY to Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO.

Bombay, 30th April 1828.

For Passage to London,

TO SAIL POSITIVELY ON SUNDAY.

4TH MAY,

THE FINE NEW SHIP

LADY FAVERSHAM,

500 TONS,

George Adler,

COMMANDER.

THIS Ship is elegantly fitted up, and carries a regular Surgeon.

Apply to Messrs. RANKEN AND

Bombay, 30th April 1828.

For Passage to London,

THE FINE SHIP

MEDINA,

OF 500 TONS.

WAS to leave England in all November, and may be expected here during this month.

The Vessel has lately undergone a thorough repair, has been elegantly fitted up for the accommodation of Passengers, and will have an early dispatch from this.

Apply at the Office of Messrs. ADAM SKINNER AND CO.

Bombay, 30th April 1828.

For Passage to England,

THE FINE SHIP

LADY GORDON,

OF 300 TONS,

CAPT. JOHN BELL,

HAS good accommodations for a few Passengers, and will sail on the 10th of May.

Apply to Capt. BELL on board, or at the Office of Messrs. FORBES AND CO.

Bombay, 30th April 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO

LONDON.

The Cleveland,

CAPTAIN HAVELOCK,

OF 450 TONS,

TO SAIL IN ALL THIS MONTH.

HAS good accommodations for Passengers and carries a Surgeon.

For particulars apply at the Office of Messrs. PATRICK STEWART AND CO.

Bombay 30th April 1828.

For Freight to London,

THE NEW BRITISH BUILT BRIG

JANET,

OF 300 TONS,

Andrew Dott,

COMMANDER,

APPLY to Messrs. ROBERT TAYLOR AND CO.

Bombay, 30th April 1828.

For Freight to L

LIVERPOOL OR GREEN

THE BRITISH BUILT BRIG

RECOVERY,

OF 204 TONS,

Robert Patterson,

COMMANDER.

EXPECTED in all this month, and will have an early despatch.

Apply to Messrs. ROBERT TA

LOR AND CO.

Bombay 30th April 1828.

For Passengers Only,

THE WELL KNOWN

FAST SAILING BARQUE,

FORTUNE,

400 TONS,

J. Gilkison,

COMMANDER.

HAS comfortable accommodation for a few Passengers, and will positively be despatched on Thursday the 15th May.

Apply at the Office of Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO.

Bombay, 30th April 1828.

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 28 June, 2017

SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30TH 1828.

[*Continued from the Gazette.*]

the Bomb-Proof. It does not appear that the Police peons so killed were aware who they were. It is credibly reported that these convicts after leaving the gaol traversed the Island from the Fort to Mahim, and then to Suree, where they effected their ultimate escape by seizing a boat and getting across the harbour. And yet, strange to say, that although this is the account credited by every well-informed person in the island although from the Bomb-proof to Mahim is ten miles, and from Mahim to Suree nearly three or four more, and for the greater part of the way it is extremly populous, no evidence could be obtained either of a direct or circumstantial nature to ascertain the death in this case more accurately. The Coroner, I believe, is quite new to his office. I am therefore unwilling to pass any censure upon his conduct on this occasion, besides which he may perhaps have had to contend with difficulties of which I am not aware. But in a Presidency in which an organised system of Police and the Criminal Institutions of a highly civilised country have been in force for so long a time as in Bombay, it has appeared necessary to the Judges to animadvert most strongly on these facts. In all matters of this nature the public have a right to demand of Grand Juries, that they be vigilant in noticing proceedings which may most materially affect the peace and security of society. It is the wish, therefore, of the Court that the Gand Jury should visit the Bambproof prison in order to satisfy the Court and the public that it is a safe place of custody for those who are confined there, and to supply if possible, by more accurate information, the extraordinary omission of it upon the inquest. The omissions which may more specifically be brought to your notice relate to the nature of the multitude of which the murderers formed a part; where they came from? What their object appeared to be? When they dispersed; where these convicts (if they formed a part of the crowd) went to, and if any and what steps have been taken by the Magistrates towards their apprehension.

THE O'BRIENS AND THE O'FLAHERTYS;
A NATIONAL TALE,
BY LADY MORGAN,
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Our Notice of these most interesting Volumes must necessarily be very limited, as we are indebted to a friend for their perusal, and for liberty to make such extracts, as will in some measure prepare the future reader for the pleasure he will experience, Lady Morgan's name is a sufficient warrant to us for drawing the attention of our readers to this work. The tale is purely Irish, and the accomplished authoress, has contrived to keep her reader's attention rivetted to the subject until the close of the fourth Volume. There is no romance so effective, and yet so difficult to depict on paper, as that of real life. Lady Morgan has in these Volumes accomplished that most difficult task, and in that lies their Great Charm, lively description, and serious interest, are blended throughout with an almost Fairy's hand; and frequently in the same Chapter you are affected to tears, and provoked to laughter; She says in her preface.

"In again presenting an Irish Novel to the "public. I hope I am not doing a foolish "thing: and yet I feel, that as far as my own "interests are concerned, I am not doing a "wise one. To live in Ireland and to write "for it, is to live and write *poignard Sur "gorge;* for there is no country where it is "less possible to be useful with impunity, or "where the penalty on patriotism is levied "with a more tyrannous exaction. Called, "however, to the ground by the sreasms of "enemies, and by the counsels of Friends, "I venture forth once more, with something "less perhaps of intrepidity, than when I "fleshed myMaiden's sword" under the banners of The Wild Irish Girl;" but in the "full force of that true female quality, over "which time holds no Jurisdiction—perseverance."

In regard to the epoch of the Tale she says. "The epoch I have chosen for illustration, "has in the present state of exhausted Combinations, one great recommendation to the "Novelist—it is untouched. It has also a "deep interest in a National point of view—"it embraces events which prepared the Rebellion, and accomplished the Union. An "epoch of transition between the ancient despotism of brute force, and the dawning "reign of public opinion, it was characterized "by the Supremacy of an oligarchy, in whose "members the sense of irresponsible power "engendered a Contempt for private morals, "as fatal as their political corruption."

These are the materials on which Lady Morgan has had to work, and with which she has produced a Novel of stricking merit and Interest.

We pass over the First Volume, and bring our readers to where the Hero of the Tale Murrogh O'Brien, has been incarcerated in the old Castle of Dublin:

"The prisoner, meantime, had seated himself on an old-fashioned settle, beside the guard-room fire, and availing himself of some writing materials, which lay on the table, began a letter, dated from the castle guard-house. Having written "my dear father," he paused. To this dear father he had much to say; but the current of his ideas was dried up. The exhaustion of fatigue fell heavily both on body and mind; nature had gone to her uttermost; and the will and the intellect were alike in obeyance. The pen fell from his hand, his eyes closed; he sank gradually on the old settle, and life was soon to him as though it were not. As he lay with one arm pillowing his head, the other thrown listlessly over his breast, he imaged, in the grace of his attitude, and the youth and beauty of his person, the "*sommeil 'dEndymion,*" such as the genius of painting, in various ages, has represented it.

The clock of the castle had struck, but he had taken no note of time! Ages or hours, a minute or a night, might have elapsed between the last sensation of slumbering drowsiness and the first of awakening consciousness, which was, occasioned by a painful tingling that ran across his closed lids, and induced him instinctively to press them still closer. Though his eyes were deeply shaded by the long dark lashes, and by his upraised hand, the painful sensation became more and more intense; till starting up, in sudden and full wakefulness, he perceived that the uneasiness arose from a burst of light, held close to his face.

At his waking, the person who held it, drew back abruptly into a remote corner; and he could just perceive that it was a stranger, muffled in a military cloak, and that they were alone. Before, however, he could make further observation or inquiry, Serjeant Flanagan came forth from Lieutenant Ellis's room, and giving the stranger a paper, said, "Plaze your honour, it's all right—that's enough, Sir, if a man was condemned to five hundred—the prisoner is to attind you."

The stranger now advanced a little, in the direction of a small, low arched door in the guard-room, which seemed to lead into the interior of the building. There he paused, and touching his hat with a slight *deguge* military salute, observed, in an affected and effeminate voice, "Serjeant, acquaint the gentleman with my order; or, stay—you had better shew it to him."

Flanagan presented the paper to the prisoner, who was now on his feet, and had taken up his cap, and drawn on his robe. It was an order, in the proper technical form empowering the lieutenant of the guard to give up the prisoner, the Honourable Murrogh O'Brien, to the bearer. What was most extraordinary in the event was, that it was dignified by the signature of the Lord Lieutenant

"May I ask, Sir," demanded O'Brien, "whither I am to be removed?"

"For the present," replied the young officer, "not I hope beyond the castle walls; for it is cursed cold," (and he folded his cloak more closely round him), "and to-night's duty is no joke."

"I suppose I'm about to be called up for examination then?" demanded the prisoner,

"Yes, for examination—there is no doubt of that."

"Before a civil or a military tribunal?" asked O'Brien anxiously.

"Oh, *very civil,*" replied the officer, in the accent, that struck upon the just then irritable nerves of his prisoner to be jocular even to jeering. All the blood of the O'Briens rushed into his face; and resolving to ask no more questions, he followed his guide in sullen silence; who led the way through a low-arched postern—the serjeant lighting them with his guard-room light, which, as he held it on high, discovered an obscure stone passage.

"There," said the young officer, "take away your greasy light; the smell is suffocation. Can't government light guard-rooms, with something that an't grease? pah!"

The serjeant offended by the haughty manner of this "officer, who was no soldier," but appeared to be some dandy youth of quality, recently initiated into the coarseness of military service, suddenly slapped the door, and left the guard and the guarded alike in utter darkness.

"By Jove," exclaimed the young officer, "this is a pleasant adventure! The lamp that hung here, too, is extinguished; but don't be afraid, Sir."

"Tis not my habit, Sir," replied the prisoner, abruptly.

"I know the way," (continued the young leader) "'tis a private one, between the lower and upper court; a short cut, though an ugly one. It saves exposure, however, to night air. Stay, Sir here are three steps—give me your hand—one, two, three—and now on, and step boldly."

The prisoner, with a feeling of extreme provocation, literally obeyed his finical guide gave his hand, and "stepped on boldly;" when suddenly, and with a movement not unobserved, he involuntarily removed his cap; for by some illusion of the senses, some dream of the fancy, he was struck by the odd conviction, that the ungloved hand that led him—

——"to whose soft seizure,
The cygnet's down was harsh,"

was—a woman's!

"You had better not uncover your head," said the officer, looking over his shoulder, as a gleam of light from the further extremity of the passage, discovered the act.

"I did so upon instinct," said the prisoner, laughingly; "I was scarcely conscious that I did it at all."

"It must have been a strange instinct; to what conclusion did it lead you?"

"For an instant, that I was in a woman's presence."

"Well, stand not upon the gallantry of your instinct, but resume your cap; for these passages are damp. Curse these boots; I wish the fellow that made them was wedged into one of them, up to his neck—they must have been made of the last of the Irish giant. I beg your pardon for a moment, pray hold my spur,"—and he paused to arrange the "cursed boot," which he had hitherto evidently dragged after him with difficulty." And so (he continued, in his lisping tone) you have had the romance to turn this no very pleasant event, of being brought up for midnight examination, into—a *bonne fortune?*"

"A *bonne fortune,*" repeated the prisoner angrily, and feeling his cheek tingle with a sudden blush at the coxcombical supposition.

"Aye, to be sure," replied the officer, still fiddling with his boot, "for if you could think that a lady led you along these mysterious passages, at this witching time of night, it follows of course," .....

"No, Sir," (interrupted the prisoner petulantly), "I thought nothing about the matter. The fact is, I am not yet half awake. I was taken by surprise out of a deep sleep; a soft voice and a soft hand did the rest, and led to the absurd idea."

"Not so absurd neither," (said the officer). "This castle is a frolicsome place; and women, who keep grown gentlemen at arm's-length, do sometimes interest themselves for us boys."

Because it is for us boys only, they can do so with impunity," was the reply.

"Humph! not always, we flatter ourselves," said the officer conceitedly, taking back his spur and moving on. "It sometimes happens our spirits are too bold for our years."

"Say rather," said the prisoner laughing, "that our years are too few for our spirits."

"You may uncover your head now, if you will" (observed the officer, passing through a little grated door, through which the faint light had hitherto proceeded), "for now you are on holy ground."

The officer paused; and the prisoner perceived with surprise, that they stood in the centre of an ancient chapel, doubly, but dimly lighted by the waning moon, which streamed through its gothic casements of painted glass in many vivid lines, borrowed from the robe of St. Patrick, or the girdle of St. Bridget,—and by the flickering red light of a waxen taper, in a brazen chandelier, suspended above a little gallery, which had the air of a royal tribune in a Catholic church.

"Many a stout heart has quailed here," said the young officer, with theatrical emphasis; "for this chapel communicates with Birmingham Tower, the State Prison. Many an Irish rebel, many an O'Neil, an O'Donnel, and an O'Brien too, were shriven here, on their way to execution; arch rebels all, time immemorial, they say."

"Rebels, indeed!" exclaimed the prisoner with vehemence; "there are still many, I believe, in Ireland, who sigh for the return of those terrible times, when love of country was a penal crime, and the life of a native Irishman had its price like the head of the Irish wolf; but there are still, be it hoped, many who would die a thousand deaths, to prevent their recurrence."

"Let such be silent here," said the young officer, in an admonitory tone; and proceeding on, they passed through a lateral door, under the gallery,—but not before the prisoner thought he heard a rush of sounds above, like the flutter of birds disturbed into sudden flight. He was now much struck by the oddity of this manner of being "brought up for examination." A doubt, a confussion of ideas, or rather of sensations left him without the power of reflection or inference; and all other functions were, for the time, "smothered in surmise."

"Does your spirit flag?" asked the officer, as they passed from a matted gallery into a stone and vaulted passage, in utter darkness, save from a distant flash which gleamed at its further extremity.

"Not a jot," was the careless reply. "Come what come may, I am prepared."

"Give me a proof of your presence of mind," said the officer, turning short round to his prisoner.

"What proof do you ask?" was the laughing reply.

"Quote me a line instantly from any author, in any language, no matter what; but be quick."

"'Di mia sciochezza tosto fui pentito,
Ma troppo mi trovai lungo dal lito,'"

replied the now almost amused, and thoroughly awakened prisoner.

"Oh! you know Italian: where did you learn it?"

"In Italy."

"In Italy? but you are an Irishman!"

"Soul and body."

"Humph!" said the interrogator, significantly. "*Tant pis pour vous.*—You have, at least, the Irish qualities of wit and courage: but wit and courage, without discretion, will not avail, where you are about to appear."

"I fear I should want both," (said the prisoner, in evident excitement, and again strangely puzzled by the oddity of the adventure,) "if that which is impossible should be true; like some dogmas in religion."

"Oh! you are at your instincts again, are you?" asked the guide archly.

"May I beg to ask you a question?" was the the eager reply.

"I can answer no questions now, Sir," said the officer coldly, and quickening his creeping pace: "I have already held too much parley with a prisoner, though all about nothing at all; and nothing can come of nothing. So now, follow, and be silent."

As he spoke, hey issued from the stone passage, into a spacious, handsome, and architectural vestibule. Its roof was supported by massive pillars; and its marble pavement was heavily paced by sentinels, who carried arms to the plumed helmet of the officer, as he passed.

At the moment, when they were about to ascend a broad and noble staircase, which branched into two flights at the first landing, the state-porter in the outer hall, cried pompously, "The Lord Chief Justice's chair."

"The Lord Chief Justice is coming down," replied the footman, in the same vociferating tone, from the corridor above.

"The Commander of the Forces' carriage stops the way," cried the porter, below.

"The Commander of the Forces is coming down," was the answer from above.

At this solemn announcement of the approach of two great officers of state, the guide and guard of the prisoner suddenly turned back on the steps, beckoning to his charge to follow. Tripping lightly back, through the passage they had already cleared, he opened a door to the left of that matted gallery, through which they had issued from the chapel, and silently, but with a significant gesture, ascended a flight of narrow, ill-lighted, stone steps, terminating at another door. The door opened, and discovered an unexpected vista to the amazed prisoner. It was a long corridor, with a stuccoed and ornamented roof, containing many small cupolas; from each of which were pendant massy gilt chandeliers, filled with wax-lights. It opened on either side by a succesion of doors, to different suites of apartments; while the intervals were filled with sofas of scarlet, on which lounged or slept, a numerous train of pages, grooms of the chamber, and footmen in gorgeous liveries. A door, flung open, at the further extremity, discovered an armoury, where a group of beef-eaters were gathered round the fire. To the right, a foreshortened view appeared of the broad stone stairs with the pacing battle-axe; from which the officer had turned at the approach of the Chief Justice: (an incident which convinced the prisoner, that he was acting under some private and secret authority, unknown to the privy-councellors). Beyond all, and terminating the perspective, was visible the moon-lighted vastness of St. Patrick's Hall.

At about the middle of the corridor, the officer paused. A groom of the chamber flew to open a door to the right, which as they entered was quickly closed after them; and the parties found themselves in a dimly lighted room. A solitary wax candle here and there just dispelled the utter darkness, and faintly designed the stately forms of a throne and canopy, with heavy draperies of dark velvet,

and a few old pictures in cumbrous frames. All was silent and still, save a faint burst of merriment, which was scarcely caught through the double doors of an adjoining apartment; and which was soon overpowered by the full tones of a harp.

The air performed was not unknown to its spell-bound auditor; whose senses responded to the mellifluous sounds in most amazed sympathy. It was peculiar to that region, where he last had heard it; and was part of a celebrated litany, sung in the Santa Chiesa di Loretto at Rome, to which the modern auditory of Europe have since listened with undiminishing rapture.*

"Where is that music?" demanded O'Brien, eagerly.

"In the spheres," was the reply.

Though too confused for conjecture, O'Brien was now half inclined not to advance further, till he had some explanation with his leader; who, with his hand upon the lock of a double door, (within the deep and dark ambrasure of which he already stood,) beckoned him on.

"I cannot, Sir," he said: "I will not proceed further, till you tell me for what purpose I have been brought thus far."

"A soldier, and afraid!" exclaimed the young officer, scoffingly. "What danger do you suspect, Sir?"

"None; but I fear——"

"What? Out with it, man!"

"A ridicule," returned the bewildered prisoner.

"A ridicule! a dainty fear truly for the ringleader of a riot, and a prisoner in the Castle of Dublin."

"You talked of the castle being a frolicsome place," said the prisoner, advancing to the doorway, and now full of the idea that he was the victim of some anti-chamber mystification—perhaps in the hands, of a mischievous page, or possibly in those of the vulgar O'Mealy, who might be engaged to shew him up for the amusement of his friends, "the people of quality."

"Why, yes," said the young officer, lowering his voice, and beckoning to his charge to advance, "so it is a frolicsome place; and I know it was even proposed this night to Lady Knocklofty, whose life, by the by, you saved to day....."

"Lady Knocklofty," said her champion, with emotion, and entering the embrasure to catch the words.

"Stay," said the officer, speaking in a whisper, "close the door behind you, and I'll tell you all."

The prisoner obeyed, and they were for an instant in utter darkness. The music ceased, and the officer, taking his hand, emphatically whispered, from the motto of his own colours—"*Fais ce que doy, arrive que pourra*,"—then throwing open the second door, drew him quickly forwards, into a blaze of light and beauty,—into the presence of the vice queen, and her merry court. A shout of "bravos," received the officer and his charge; and while the latter "stood a statue," the former threw aside his helm and cloak, and knocking off the "cursed boots," from the silken slippered feet they had encumbered, discovered the imposing and splendid figure of Albina Countess Knocklofty."

With this we finish our Notice of this most delightful novel, despairing of being able within our limits, to give an outline of the plot, or a just description of the many beauties contained in thes Volumes.

* Well known, by Rossini's adoption of it, as the motivo of *Di tanti palpiti*. I give the anecdote as I found it, without vouching for its accuracy.

(From "the Forget me not")

TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A FAVOURITE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHANTASMAGORIA OR SKETCHES OF LIFE AND LITERATURE," &c.

(Concluded.)

The title of this little piece sufficiently explains its intention. Were it not uninteresting, it would be impertinent to enter into the historical details connected with the downfall of him whom we left in the possession of splendid but hollow greatness. The reader will have the goodness to suppose the lapse of many years; the occurrence of mutual aggressions; the decline of royal, and the consequent predominance of baronial power; and, forgetting Westminster palace, with the proud revel narrated in the foregoing sketch, he will further suppose himself in Warwick Castle, where he will find Gaveston a prisoner, in the power of its owner and of the earl of Lancaster.

It was an evening of surprising beauty, the last of the lovely month of June. It was one of those evenings that seem set apart to the full enjoyment of earth's sinless charms; to forgetfulness of sorrow, and to anticipation of that holy time when there shall be no more night, when man shall no longer need and longer love the visible glories of his present heaven. The moon truly "walked in brightness;" and, beheld in the open country, away from the veiling shadows of forest and city streets, her full-orbed influence imparted to midnight the chaste glow of a softened noon. But Warwick Castle was not then, as now, a baronial residence where beauty tempers strength, and classic grace harmonizes with rule and historic grandeur. Its appearance at the period in question chiefly evinced the owner's desire to render it a place of defence; a warrior's home in warlike and unsettled times. Thus it was that guarded by archway, portcullis, wall, & tower, on one side commanded by the castle itself, and matted from dungeon to battlement with clustering ivy, the court-yard was only partially irradiated by the moon-beams, and lay in, "majestic gloom," while the scene beyond revelled in their lovely lustre. Such shade suited, however, with one of the characters who that night traversed its area; it suited with the subject in debate; with the cold and cruel deed meditated for the morrow.

"Talk on more of middle measures. I tell thee, Warwick, it shall be death—and before thy castle clock chimes ten of the morn. Pretty management, forsooth, to trust to another banishment unless we could insure shipwreck by the way; and pretty management to trust him again in Dedington Keep, with Pembroke ever on the wing to his sick countess at Banbury, and Edward beating up an army hard by! No, no, master Warwick! these dungeons of thine are safe cages enough; but, under favour, we will make sure of the bird in a shorter fashion."

"And then publish a justification," replied the more merciful or more wary party addressed.

"Yea, a justification as long as thy ancestor Guy's sword, an'it like ye. Look here, my lord of warwick; I, Thomas of Lancaster, have endured wrong and slight at the hands of this caitiff: the said Thomas of Lancaster has now power: what follows? Why, that even so soon and surely as this ivy-leaf, plucked from its stalk, falls to the ground. Thomas of Lancaster takes vengeance; and with better will, too, because in righting himself, and thee, and sundry other friends, he pleases a whole country, rectifies grievous abuses—"

"And transfers," interrupted lord Warwick, "goodly stores of gilt plate and jewels into the coffers of better men, eh? Marry, the minion's gauds in my keeping will load many a pair of broad shoulders."

"Well reminded!" replied his companion; "and as Piers Gaveston in his fortune flouted all about him, high and low, so shall he in his downfall taste of the same cheer. To-morrow morning shall he with your leave, my lord, breakfast with us in the great hall, surrounded by his own bravery, as if he was still earl of Cornwall, appointed a second time to carry the crown at a coronation. Then to horse for Blacklow!"

"Withal, let him be shrived as we pass the frier's cave in the cliff. His life is forfeit, but—"

"As ye like," interrupted the rough Lancaster, "or rather let the friar go with us, and do his office while the headsman prepares for his. But the night wears, my lord; let us to rest." So saying, the two earls turned into the castle, and then passed to their sleeping-rooms.

The following morn fulfilled the promise of the evening sunset and the midnight moon: fresh, splendid, calm, it was a morning to render life more precious, and death, to the unprepared at least, more dreadful. The prisoner, according to agreement, was led from his dungeon, and served, though in mockery, as in the days of his proudest prosperity. The board was heaped with the magnificient plate which his iniquitous wealth had enabled him to accumulate, and which now enriched his captors; his last meal was of royal dainties, and his farewell draught to life was poured into the goblet he had drained at many a joyous revel. He was constrained to array himself in a festive suit, his horse was caparisoned as for a pageant; and thus having stimulated the sense of life, they led him forth to bloody death. The sunbeams glanced vividly from battle-axe and basnet, and the startled deer fled to their covert, as the armed band trampled heavily thro' the green domain which separated the castle from Blacklow Hill. Many a labourer, as he passed along, rested from his toil to gaze on the prisoner, known even to the peasantry by ill fame; the chance passenger checked his steed; the children threw down their gathered flowers; women shook their heads and sighed, but none did say "God bless him!"

"And is it so," ejaculated the prisoner, scarcely conscious of his own voice, "that all who sued to me, revelled with and flattered me, subsisted on my bounty, grew rich by my favour, are all, all faithless—not one true to a fallen master, not one!"

"That's the hap of most lords in' trouble, master; and but for being your fool may be I should be away too. Ah Piers, Piers! said I not rightly:—Safety's with the silver bells?"

"Motly!" exclaimed the astonished earl—"my poor faithful jester!"

"Nay, nay, man; ye need no jester with Lancaster's Black Will at your side; an' if ye did, I'm past the trade: but I'll see the last of ye Piers, just for the honour of my bells, and the sake of the merry days we'll never see again.

"How came this scarecrow hither, knaves?" enquired the earl of Warwick angrily.

"An' please ye, my lord," replied one of his followers, "he tracked us from Dedington, and master Walter gave him the run of the guard-room; and so—"

"Enough," replied his lord; "let him have the liberty on. I wonder," said he, turning to the earl of Lancaster, "whether any one of these varlets of ours would make a faithful fool."

"Heaven grant we may never need one!" replied the earl, little dreaming that four short years would find him in the fallen condition of his prisoner would find him conquered and degraded, brought forth to execution at the gate of his own castle?

The foregoing dialogue passed on the arrival of the party at the destined hill. It was there that Gaveston first discovered the presence of his jester, boasting no longer the gaudy insignia of his office, but lean, sick, and ragged. There, too, the meek friar, who had been drawn from his solitary seclusion, approached the prisoner—penitent he could not be termed, for he manifested no desire to listen to counsel that concerned another world. He stood with folded arms on the green and gentle eminence—it was not more—varied only by patches of wild flowers, underwood, and flaunting furze. Thence he beheld a rich and wide extent of pastoral country, intersected by the "soft-flowing Avon," and relieved from monotony by stately and oft-recurring trees; while, towering above the wooded upland that on one side defined the horizon, rose the massy and majestic castle of lord Warwick.

"Father," said the wretched man, in reply to the importunities of the friar—"father, I cannot pray—I cannot, cannot die. I have lived for the pleasures of life, and what has death to offer *me*?—Heaven—mercy—pardon;—ay, I need them all; but life, life!—father, can I *win that* by prayer?—the transport of existence—of looking on sun and sky, and setting a free foot on the turf—of breathing thus the air of life?—and he inhaled a long drawn breath with fearful earnestness.

"My son, my son!" said the friar with solemn tenderness, "dismiss, I pray thee, such vain and carnal fancies: what can they now avail?"

"Dotard!" exclaimed Gaveston, stamping passionately; "what know'st thou of life more than the reptile immured in a stone or a tree?"

"Father," said the earl of Lancaster, coming forward "we wait no longer."

The old man bowed his head mournfully, and tears fell fast upon his long grey beard. "Keep me not to look upon blood-shedding, my lord," said he in a broken voice; "I am ignorant of courts and the ways of war, but I know that the soul of man is precious—Oh, do not hazard one lightly!"

Place Father Herbert on horseback again, said the earl, turning impatiently to one of his followers, "and carry him back to his beads and ayes. Black Will, do thine office—smartly and well, knave;—a broken head or a half noble for thy morning's work."

What need to dwell longer on a scene which no consideration can render other than revolting? Enough that the tragedy was completed; that in a few minutes the spirit of the gay, the splendid, the profligate Piers Gaveston passed to its final audit "unanointed, unannealed;" while his body sank on the green turf a bloodstained, mutilated corpse. The work of vengeance was effected, and, humanly speaking, that of expiation also. Five centuries have passed away, but the death of Piers Goveston, unlike many events of a public nature, is still preserved in popular remembrance. On the scene of his execution (beside which these sketches have been penned) an obelisk, has been erected; the name of the hill itself has undergone a change, and even among the peasantry it is invariably called GAVESTON'S.

M. J. J.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

With original designs.

BY

THOMAS HOOD.

Second Series.

A PARTHIAN GLANCE.

"Sweet, Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."
ROGERS.

COME, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days,
And lift up a little oblivion's veil;
Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclin'd to his tail.

Aye, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind,
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear,

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
Oh, what ages and pages there are to revise!
And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,
Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes!"

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,
On a dimity lap of true nursery make!
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes
Oh! how little they dreamt they were driving them in!

Infant sorrows are gone—infant pleasures at week—
But no grief was allow'd to indulge in its note;
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"
Thro' the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat?

Did you ever go up to the roof in a bounce?
Did you ever come down to the floor with the same?
Oh! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
"Head or tails" with a child, an unpleasantish game!

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin, indeed,
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight;
Why should weeks have an end?—I am sure there was need
Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday-night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?
Have you ever felt buckaback soften'd with sand?
Had you ever your nose towell'd up to a snub,
And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand?

Then a school-boy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,
But how well I remember that "pepper-and-salt"
That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!
With a lanky right leg duly planted before;
Whilst I told of the chief that was kill'd by my stroke,
And extended *my* arms as "the arms that he wore!"

Next a Lover—Oh! say, were you ever in love?
With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot!
Have you bow'd to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove!
Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of men?
When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

I am wither'd and worn by a premature care,
And my wrinkles confess the decline of my days;
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!

A MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

IT has never been my lot to marry—whatever I may have written of one Honoria to the contrary. My affair with that lady never reached beyond a very embarrassing declaration, in return for which she breathed into my dull deaf ear an inaudible answer. It was beyond my slender assurance, in those days, to ask for a repetition, whether of acceptance or denial.

One chance for explanation still remained. I wrote to her mother, to bespeak her sanction to our union, and received, by return of post, a scrawl, that, for aught I knew might be in Sanscrit. I question whether, even at this time, my intolerable bashfullness would suffer me to press such a matter any farther.

My thoughts of matrimony are now confined to occasional day-dreams, originating in some stray glimpse in the Prayer Book, or the receipt of pride-cake. It was on some such occurrence that I fell once, Bunyan like, into an allegory of a wedding.

My fancies took the order of a procession. With flaunting banners it wound its Alexandrine way—in the manner of some of Martin's painted pageants—to a taper spire in the distance. And first, like a band of livery, came the honourable company of Match-Makers, all mature spinsters and matrons—and as like aunts and mothers as may be. The glovers trod closely on their heels. And came in blue and gold, the parish beadle, Scarabeus, Parochialis, with the ringers of the hand-bells. Then came the Banns—it was during the reign of Lord Eldon's Act—three sturdy pioneers, with their three axes, and likely to hew down sterner impediments than lie commonly in the path of marriage. On coming nearer the countenance of the first was right foolish and perplext; of the second, simpering; and the last methought looked sedate, and as if dashed with a little fear. After the Banns—like the Judges following the halberts—came the Juniors; no rough mechanics, but a portly, full-blown vicar, with his clerk—both rubicund—a peony paged by a pink. It made me smile to observe the droll clerical turn of the clerk's beaver, scrubbed into that fashion by his coat, at the nape. The marriage-knot—borne by a ticket-porter—came after the divine, and raised associations enough to sadden one, but for a pretty Cupid that came on laughing and trundling a hoop-ring. The next group was a numerous one, Firemen of the Hand-in-Hand, with the Union flag—the chief actors were near. With a mixture of anxiety and curiosity, I looked out for the impending couple, when how shall I tell it? I beheld, not a brace of young lovers—a Romeo and Juliet, not a "be-

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moon here, and she sun there"---not bride and bridegroom---but the happy *pean*, a solitary Bergamy, carried on a valvet cushion by a little foot page. I could have forsworn my fancy for ever for so wretched a conceit, till I remembered that it was intended, perhaps, to typify under that figure, the mysterious resolution of two into one, a pair nominally, but in substance single, which belongs to marriage. To make amends, the high contracting parties approached in proper person---a duplication sanctioned by the practice of the oldest masters in their historical pictures. It took a brace of Cupids, with a halter, to overcome the "sweet reluctant delay," of the Bride, and make her keep pace with the procession. She was absorbed like a nun, in her veil:—tears, too, she dropped, large sxpences, in her path; but her attendant Bridesmaid put on such a coquettish look, and tipped along so airily, that it cured all suspicion of a heart-ache in such maiden showers. The Bridegroom, drest for the Honey moon, was ushered by Hymen---a little link-boy; and the imp used the same importunity for his dues. The next was a motley crew. For nuptial ode or *Carmen*, there walked two carters, or draymen, with their whips; a leash of footmen in livery indicated Domestic Comfort was personated by an ambulating advertiser of 'Hot Dinners every Day."

I forget whether the Bride's Character preceded or followed---but it was a lottery placard, and blazoned her as One of Ten Thousand. The parents of both families had a quiet smile on their faces, hinting that their enjoyment was of a retrospective cast, and as to the six sisters of the bride, they would have wept with her, but that six young gallants came after them. The friends of the family were Quakers, and seemed to partake of the happiness of the occasion in a very quiet and quaker-like way. I ought to mention that a band of harmonious sweet music preceded the Happy Pair. There was none came after---the veteran, Townsend, with his constables, to keep order, making up the rear of the Procession.

THE GULPH OF PERSIA.—No. 1.

MUSCAT.

"And this is Arabia," I said, as at day-break we descried some of the high lands near Muscat; "this is the land, the thought of which was so pregnant with the wild and wonderful to my boyish mind—the land of talismans and *gramourie*—the land of song, of love, and of chivalry!"

I never saw such rugged *stalwart* craggs in my life-time—the wildest parts of the highlands of Scotland were but mole-hills in comparison—vast precipices, for the tops of which the eye sought in vain through the vale of clouds which overhung them—rocks heaped and piled above each other as if by some mighty giant in his play, and over which every now and then might be seen water-falls gushing, and boiling, and foaming, till their maddened streams found repose in the calm blue ocean below.

It was altogether a spot where one could suppose the evil genii were confined by the resistless signet of the Caliph Soulimaun; and it required no great exertion of fancy to conceive that the rugged grandeur of these stupendous rocks was owing to their convulsive struggles for freedom, and the absence of all vegetation to the blighting effects of their pestiferous presence.

Muscat, from the sea, has a highly-imposing effect. The town is situated at the back of the harbour, and is surrounded on all sides by majestic gloomy cliffs. Here and there, on a wily pinnacle, are built small forts and Martello towers, which, being composed of a light coloured stone, contrast in a very picturesque manner, with the dark hue of the mountains on which they are situated.

The first thing which struck me most particularly was the total absence of all vegetation. Nothing was seen but the black barren rock—not so much as a hermit weed to militate against the despotic sway of famine and sterility. About three miles out of the town there is a small garden, which the natives seem to look upon as a curiosity, and indeed it has a strange enough effect to see any thing green in this grewsome valley of stones and sand.

Muscat, like the generality of Arab towns, is filthy, mean, and narrow in the extreme. The streets, if streets they may be called, are not above three or four feet wide, and are covered with every description of litter and garbage. The houses, which according to the oriental style of building, are flat-roofed, bear all the marks of anticleanliness and slattern neglect; and this observation applies not merely to the meaner ones, but to those of the higher classes. The inside corresponds with the exterior. I once or twice visited a native of the first respectability—the furniture had once been good, but was dirty, broken, and neglected, and the plates and wine-glasses were literally discoloured with dust and cobwebs.

The next day after I landed I waited on the Imaum, along with Gulaub, the Company's broker. The palace is a plain, neat, unpretending building, and though in another place it would not be taken for any thing higher than a merchant's warehouse, it looks princely in comparison with the hovels which surround it. Taking my ideas of Arab pomp from the gorgeous pictures of those splendid romances, the Arabian Nights, I was much struck at the unpretending and unaffected manner of this potentate. The room of audience was small and unadored, with an common Persian carpet and English chairs. His Highness received us with great cordiality, shaking hands after the European fashion. He is a powerful, well made man about the middle size, with a fine full forehead and a very mild and amiable expression of countenance. His dress was neat but plain, plainer, by far, than those of his officers, and his manner altogether was that of a polished and accomplished gentleman; and he is perhaps the only chief in this quarter of the world who has a title to this denomination. Unlike the other Persian and Arab Princes, he seeks more to increase his power and treasury by the encouragement of commerce among his subjects, than by grinding them with vexatious and oppressive exactions, and the result is, as might have been expected, he is the most powerful and wealthy Prince in the Gulph of Persia.

While we were there, the conversation turned on general subjects, in which he showed a great deal of good sense and discrimination; and after being served once or twice with different kinds of sherbet, we took our leave.

The Imaum, though of so mild and amiable a disposition, is not wanting in firmness of mind and determinate resolution when circumstances require it. When quite a youth, a rebellion was raised against him, headed by one of his uncles. The Imaum saw at once that something of a decisive nature was necessary. He invited him, under pretence, and when he was taking leave, and mounting his horse, cut him down in sight of his partisans, which had the effect of restoring tranquillity and good order. Another time, in some expedition, the ship in which he was, was boarded by a numerous body of the enemy. He retired with about ten lascars into the cuddy, and turning two guns forward, soon cleared the vessel of the troublesome intruders; and this, too, when every one had given her up as lost.

All the natives speak of him with the affection of children to a parent, more than of subjects to a ruler. He dispenses justice in person, and takes care that the laws are impartially executed. I was told, that when any deserving native is in distressed circumstances, that he will lend him a sum of money for three or four months, and that, too, without charging interest. In fine, he presents, in every way, such a contrast to his brother chieftains, that he is the greatest curiosity in the Gulph.

While I was in Muscat, he was preparing an expedition against Mombas, which had revolted, refusing to pay the usual tribute; and every day numbers of petty chieftains, who were bound to aid him in warfare, were arriving in small ships with their retainers. Each of them, when they entered the harbour, began a sort of song, or hymn, which was wild, simple, and not unmusical, and which suited well with the gloomy majesty of the surrounding scenery.

These rude soldiers, many of whom had perhaps left their native deserts for the first time, seemed to look on the town, miserable as it was, as a CITY OF PALACES; and often, when looking at the Imaum's dwelling, have I seen them regarding me with an expression of countenance which seemed to say, "Are you duly impressed with the grandeur of our Prince?"

Most of these small tribes lived in the open air, and it had a highly picturesque effect to see them at nightfall sitting round their little fire in a circle at the foot of a tremendous cragg. They seemed to be a simple, manly, obliging set of people, being always ready and anxious to shew and explain to us the nature and use of their arms and dress.

The Imaum has got some very fine ships, in particular a seventy four built for him in Bombay, besides one or two smaller men-of-war, and they seem to be in the very highest order as to discipline and general appearance. He is a very strict observer of forms of the Mussulman religion, and takes care that his Officers are the same, One of them told me that he was some time in disgrace with His Highness for having a smell like that of wine about him.

I am aware that the above account of Muscat may seem brief and barren to many readers; but the want of novelty, or objects of interest in the place, must be my excuse.

SINBAD.

From the Literary Repository April 26.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.---Lieut. A. Hand, 2d, Gr.
Ensign S. Macan, 17th, Regt.
Ensign F. Williams, 2d, Gr.
Capt. C. Head, Queen's Royals.
Ensign J. Harris, 6th Regt. N. I.
Surgn. R. Pinkey, 1st E. Rt.
Capt A. N. Riddell, 2d Grs.
Lieut. J. C. Bowater, 2d do.
Lieut. W. Giddes, 2d do.
Asst.-Surgn. J. Bowstead, 2d do.
Lieut. R. Hamilton, H. M. 41st Regt.
Capt. J. Brandon, 1st Extra. Bat: N. I.
DEPARTURES.---Lieut. James Pope, 17th Regt. N. I.
Major J. P. Napier, 24th Regt. N. I.
Asst.-Surgn. George Richmond, Oculist.
Capt. Foster Stacker, 19th Regt.
Major Dickinson, Engineer.
Lieut. Wells, Acting P. M. S. D.
Ensign Brown, 12th Regt.
Capt. A. Crawford, Madras Artillery,

SHIPPING REPORTS.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS.

APRIL.---25th, Brig Futtay Nassrey, Syed Husson Nacqudah, from Maccalla, 27th March.

Do. H. C. Brig Palinurus, Lieut. W. Denton, Com. from Red Sea, Cossire 19th Jany. Mocha 17th Feby. Maculla 15 April.

26th, Portuguese Brig D. Manoel de Portugal a Castro, Joaõ Manoel de Sa. Gomes, Commander from Goa, 20th April.

26th The H. C. Surveying Ship Discovery, Lieut. G. B. Brucks. Com. from Survey, Touched at Muscat, left it on 20 h Apr.

French Ship La Sophie, F. Lartioue, Capt. from Bordeaux, 7th Dec.

Passengers per Palinurus.—Mr. Dr. Quadros.

DEPARTURES.

APRIL.---22d Brig Catherine, (Free Trader,) Thomas Kincaid, Com. to Greenock.

Do. Portuguese, Brig D. zempenho, M. F. Marques, Com. to Demaun.

24th, Portuguese Brig Dourado, A. J Ferras, Com. to Demaun.

Do. Barque Jemisina, A. Grant, Com. to Singapore and China.

26th Portuguese Ship Conde do Rio Pardo, Ludevino da Encarnaeaõ Com. to Penang, Singapore, Mallacca and Macaõ.

Do. Ship Fort William, James Neish, Com. to China.

28th, Brig Le Frois Freres or Three Brothers, Raymond Hodaul, Com. to Mauritius.

Do. The H. C. Brig Palinurus, Lieut. W. Denton, Com. to Bancoote.

SHIPS LOADING.

English.---Lady Faversham, for London.
Cleveland, for ditto.
Lady Gordon, for ditto.
Janet, for ditto.
Ann, for China.
Pascoa, for ditto.
Charlotte, for ditto.
Glenelg, for ditto.
Lowjee, for ditto.
Cas lereagh for ditto.
Shelburne, for ditto.
Cornwallis, for ditto.
Mountstuart Elphinstone, for ditto.
Bannerman, for ditto.
Golconda, for ditto.
Minerva, for Madras.
Byramgore, for ditto.
Prince of Wales, for Malay Coast.
Kusrovie, for Persian Gulph.
Arab.---Fazelcorim, for Malay Coast.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.

—FREE TRADERS—

Mountstuart Elphinstone, Cleveland, Lady Faversham, Thomas Ritchie, Lady Gordon, Cumberland, Gleniffer, Exmouth, Fortune, Janet, Boliver, and Mounts uart Elphinstone.

—COUNTRY SHIPS—

Helen, Castlereagh, Byramgore, Bannerman, Asia Felix, Prince of Wales, Ann, Lowjee, Glenelg, Charles Forbes, Oscar, Almeida, Golconda, Charlotte, Kusrovie, Pascoa, Cornwallis, Minerva, Ahmody, Sunburry, Shurburne, Johanna.

—PORTUGUESE—

Anandpursaud, Dom Manoel.

—ARAB—

Moidinheen, Fatayadabad, Asadolbhar. Woolmany, Fazelcorim, Futtaylabeen. Futaynung.

—H. M. SHIPS—

Bombay.

—H. C. CRUIZERS—

Benares, Nautilus, Coote.

MADRAS.

ARRIVALS.

APRIL 16th, Brig Louisa, R. Harris, from Sumatra 21st March.

DEPARTURES.

APRIL 11th, H. M. Ship Satellite, J. M. Lawe, on a Cruize.

12th Brig Catherine, G. R. Hudson, for Northern Ports.

13th, Brig Bucephalus, M. J. Crisp, for Amherst.

Do. Brig Highland Chief. C. Tabor, for West Coast of Sumatra.

Do. Ship Sovereign, W. M'Kellar, for Calcutta.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE ROADS

H. M. Ship Success, Captain J. F. Stoddart.
Ship Eleanor, Captain W. H. Edmonds.
Ship Mary Ann Sophia, A. Henderson.
Brig Kent, Captain James Craw.
Brig Louisa, Captain R. Harris.
Schooner Highland Lass, Capt. J. C. Durnford.

CALCUTTA.

ARRIVALS.

APRIL 5. Swedish Brig Concordia, H. Clusi, from Stockholm 18th October and Cowes 9th November.

— Ship Heroine, J. P. Hackman, from China 20th January, Singapore, Malacca, and Penang 16th March.

April 6. Schooner Mary, H. Blyth, from Penang 9th March.

— Brig Sowerby, William Holmes, from Liverpool 19th October and Isle of France 29th February.

April 7. H. C. Ship Research, P. Dillon, from La Perouse Island 1st February.

— Ship Georgiana, John Moore, from London 18th October, Madras, and Vizagapatam 2d April.

April 8. H. C. Brig Sophia, G. Davis, from Pooree 5th April.

— Ship William Wilson, J. A. Carmichael, from Port Louis 17th January, and Point de Galle, and Vizagapatam 3d April.

Passengers per Schooner Mary:- James Williamson, Esq.; John Brown, Esq.; Mr. T. Daniel.

Per Sowerby from Mauritius:--Monsieur Jean Dugat.

Per H. C. Ship Research:--Monsieur Eugine Chaignean, Consul from France for Cochin China.

The *Research* spoke the Ship *Nande*, Ramsay, from Calcutta to Liverpool, the 27th March, in Latitude 7° 37' North, Longitude 86° 30' East, all well.

Per Georgiana from England and Madras:--A. McAndrew, Esq. Assistant Surgeon; W. Gordon, Esq. ditto; Messrs. W. T. Brown, S. Smith; S. Starkey, and H. Barry, Cadets; Robert Carnegie, Esq. Free Merchant; Messrs. Thomas Moore and Charles Clark, H. C. Marines.

From Madras:---Mrs. Gill.

DEPARTURES.

APRIL 1. H. C. Surveying Ship Investigator (in tow of the H. C. Steam Vessel Ganges,) D. Ross, for Akyab and Chittagong.

April 3. French Ship Indus, E. Reydellet, for Bourbon.

— Brig Frederick, W. Maher, for Rangoon.

April 7. Ship Princess Charlotte, D. Stephenson, for Mauritius.

REMARKS.

The Research has been successful in ascertaining the fate of the French frigates La Boussole and L'Astrolabe, under the command of the late Count de La Perouse. She has on board from the shipwrecks, plate, brass, cannon, 1 brass mortar, 2 ship's bells, with variety of etceteras.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BOMBAY.

BIRTHS.

At the Adawlut at Kaira, on the 20th Inst. the Lady of Lieutenant Bulkley, of the 20th Regt. N. I. of a Daughter.

At Mazagon, on Sunday the 20th inst. the Lady of G. J. Griffith Esq. of a son.

At Colabah, On Friday the 25th Instant, the Wife of Mr. William Brown, Clerk of Colabah Church of a Daughter.

At Colabah, On Saturday the 26th Instant, the Wife of Mr. Richard Beck, of a Son.

At Colabah, on the 26th Inst. the Wife of Mr. J. Smith, of the Police Establishment of a daughter.

At the Presidency, on the morning of Sunday the 27th Instant, the Lady of John Kentish, Esquire, of the Civil Service, of a Son.

MARRIAGE.

NONE.---

DEATHS.

At Severndroog, on the morning of the 6th Inst. Emma, the Wife of Capt. E. Willoughby, at the early age of 18 deeply regretted by her family and friends.

At Mazagon, on Tuesday the 22d inst. Charles Henry, infant son of G. J. Griffith Esq. aged 2 days and a few hours.

MADRAS.

BIRTHS.

On the 12th Instant, at Cuddalore, the Lady of Brooke Cunliffe, Esq. of a Daughter.

At Masulipatam, on the 9th Instant, the Lady of Captain Craster, 30th Regiment N. I. of a Daughter.

At Salem, on the 12th April, the Wife of the Reverend Henry Crisp, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 16th April, at St. George's Church, by the Rev. W. Roy, D. D. Senior Chaplain, W. H. Edmonds, Esq. of the H. E. I. Company's Sea Service, to Harriett Rose, youngest Daughter of the late Philip Parsons, Esq. of St. Albau's Herts.

DEATHS.

At Hyderabad, on the 9th Instant, George Lamb, Esq. late a Partner of the firm of Messrs. William Palmer and Co.

CALCUTTA.

BIRTHS.

At Calcutta, on the 1st April, Mrs. John Wood, of a Daughter.

At Calcutta, on Monday, the 7th April, Mrs. Wale Byrn, of a Son.

At Calcutta, on Monday, the 7th April, the Lady of William Prinsep Esq. of a Son.

At Calcutta, on Monday, the 7th April, the Wife of Mr. R. H. Wiseham, late in command of the Steamer Firefly, of a Son.

At Surdah Residency, on the 1st April, the lady of Charles Cary, Esq. Civil Service, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Calcutta, on the 5th April, at the Cathedral, by the Reverend W. Eales, Ensign T. D. Martin, of the 28th Regiment Native Infantry, to Miss Hannah Simpson.

At Calcutta, on the 7th April, at the Cathedral, by the Venerable the Archdeacon, Captain James Tennant, Assistant Adjutant General of Artillery, to Miss Elizabeth Patterson, eldest Daughter of C. Patterson, Esq. of the Civil Service.

This day, by the Revd. J. Hovenden, R. Frith, Esq. Surgeon, to Clara Mary Lind, the daughter of the late Major Jos. Thornton, of the Bengal Army.

DEATHS.

At Calcutta, on the 1st April, Miss Bridget Leonard, aged 42 years.

Drowned in the River of Tavoy, in the month of January last, Captain William Hay, late Commander of the Brig Robert Spankie, whose untimely fate is deeply regretted by many at this Settlement.

At the General Hospital, Calcutta, on the 4th April, of Cholera Morbus, Captain James Leslie, formerly Commander of the Brig Bridget, of Liverpool.

At Barrackpore, on the 2nd April, of Cholera, Ensign White, of His Majesty's 47th Regiment, aged 18 years.

Madras.

CURRENT VALUE OF
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
Wednesday, April, 16.

Six per Cent, Bengal Remittable Loan.
At the Rate of Subscription, viz. 350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees..... 28½ *Premium.*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.
106½ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rs. 26⅝ *Premium*

Five per Cent, Bengal Unremittable Loan.
At the Rate of Subscription, viz.
350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees 1 *Discount.*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.
166½ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rupees 1½ *Discount*

FORT ST. GEORGE, *April* 15, 1828.

THE Right Honorable the Governor in Council has been pleased to make the following Appointments.

The Honorable L. G. K. Murray, to the Superintendent of the Custody and Issue of Stationery.

A. J. Drummond, Esq. to be Judge and Criminal Judge of Bellary.

J. A. Hudleston, Esq. to be Deputy Collector of Madras.

E. B. Thomas, Esq. to be Head Assistant to the Collector and Magistrate of Trichinopoly.

It is with extreme concern that we have to notice the loss of another Vessel on the beach at Pondicherry during the past week. We are not in possession of the particulars of this melancholy disaster, nor are we informed whether any lives have been lost on the occasion; but we should conjecture that, the crew must have been saved, from the Vessel having stranded so near the shore, and a whole day being occupied in endeavouring to save her. The following is all that we have been able to collect on the subject from Letters dated Pondicherry the 8th and 9th Instant.

"*L'Arpenteur*, Captain Lauriole, which got under weigh on Monday (the 7th Instant), for Trincomallee, came ashore on the following day a little to the southward of the *Lalla Rookh*. One of the Writers remarks, that the present year has commenced under unfavourable omens for this place, and states, that after having employed every possible means, during Tuesday to save the Vessel, they were reduced to the necessity of abandoning her. She is now embedded in sand and the Surf beating over her."

Gov. Gaz.

Calcutta.

CURRENT VALUE
OF
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

BUY. Prem.	APRIL 2D, 1828.	Prem.	SELL.
26 0	Remittable	25 0	
Disct. 4	Old 5 per Cent. Loan,	0 10	Discnt
Prem. 2	New ditto ditto	0 2	
5400 0	Bank of Bengal Share	5200 0	Prem

BANK OF BENGAL RATES.

Discount on Private Bills	6 0
Ditto on Government Bills and Salary Bills	4 0
Interest on Loans on Deposit	5 0

COURSE OF EXCHANGE

BUY.	CALCUTTA.	SELL
1 10½	On London 6 Months sight, per Sa. R	1 11

PRICE OF BULLION.

Dollars	per 100 Rupees	207 0	206 8
Sovereigns	each	11	10
Guineas	ditto	10	4
Old Goldmohurs	ditto	18	12
New Ditto	ditto	17	0

Confusion of names.—There is an old story of a person, who, anxious to get into the Pit at Drury Lane, and finding it crammed full, waggishly vociferated aloud, "Mr. Smith's house is on fire." Immediately twenty Smiths, at least started up, and vacated their seats, which enabled the wag to provide for himself. They are bad enough in England, with respect to the confusion into which society is thrown from the application of one name to several individuals, and Calcutta is beginning to labour under a similar inconvenience, But we have not yet arrived at that pitch, complained of in an American paper, with regard to the Smiths and the Johnsons! Every *once and awhile*, says the journal we allude to, you see a notice in the Papers, that A. B., who is sentenced to the Penitentiary, is not A. B., the son of C. D.; and that E. F., who ran away with a horse and gig, is not E. F., who lives at No. 1, Blank-street.—Some names have spread so far, that they are almost as general as *homo*. The name of Smith, for instance. There are thirty-one John Smiths in our city, and fourteen John Johnsons!—What interminable confusion must this create in the delivery of letters and the management of business. Whenever we meet a man to whom we have been introduced, but whose name we have forgotten, we always call him Mr. Smith or Mr. Johnson, and in nine cases out of ten we are right. The Quakers have a very simple and yet very efficient remedy for this evil. John Smith the 1st, John Smith the 2d, and so on to the 500th, if necessary. There are, however, some happy people in this world who have names peculiarly their own, which no man would think of stealing—witness the following, which we find in a Western paper:—Hendrik Vollenhoven, Rutger Jan Schimmelpennick, Walrave, Van Heukelom, Nicholaas Von Beeftingh, Jan Van Eeghen!—*The Government Gazette. April* 3.

English Extracts.

THE AMULET FOR 1828.

This little publication of the class now become numerous, which was at first known under the name of *Souvenirs*, is very well executed, both in the literary and ornamental parts, with something of a religious cast. But the most remarkable, if not the ablest piece in the work, is one by Coleridge, very characteristic, and very amusing from its character. There is something in the works of that very able man, so evenly balanced between the mawkish and the admirable, like the taste of some exotic fruits, that the reader is sometimes in disgust to see a great man spoiled by caprice and self-conceit. The following is the piece we refer to, which he entitles *New Thoughts on Old Subjects*;—

"There is no source of pleasure that I can at present recall to my mind, so constant and universal in its effects, as the unexpected union of novelty, and a freshness of sensation, with old and familiar objects, the images and facts of every-day occurrence. Truths (I have elsewhere observed) of all others the most awful and interesting, having been taught us from earliest childhood, come at last to be considered so true that they lose all the power and vital efficacy of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side, with obsolete and exploded errors. Wherever, therefore, a man of genius arises (and this is among the highest prerogatives and surest proofs of genius,) who rescues an admitted truth from the neglect caused by its universal admission; who, by placing objects the most familiar to us in novel bearings, or linked with novel associations, enables us to renew the child's sense of wonder in regard to appearances long blunted by custom,—

'To sun, and moon, stars throughout the year,
And man and woman—

he gives to our minds a feeling, a sensitive freshness, analogous to that delightful state which one, just recovered from a long fit of sickness, experiences on a fine spring morning in the first day of his decided convalescence. Who has not a thousand times seen snow falling on the water? And who has not seen it with a new feeling, since he read Burns's comparison of Sensual Pleasure

With snow that falls upon a river,
A moment white, then gone for ever?

Is not this one among the excellencies which give so peculiar a charm, so great and general an influence to the parables of the New Testament? Does it not blend even with the interest which we feel in the narration of the miracles? In a series of conversations, of which the following is a specimen, I have attempted to attain this end in reference to the events, customs, opinions, &c. of domestic and ordinary life. That the subjects are old, no one will deny. If, on the perusal of the inclosed, the Editor of the *Amulet* does not feel disposed to question the applicability of the other title (viz. New Thoughts,) to the contents, he will publish it as No. I. of the series; and should the public confirm his favourable suffrage, it shall be followed by the others in due course.

S. T. C.

No. I.—THE IMPROVISATORE; OR "JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN."

Ssene; *A spacious drawing room, with music room adjoining.*

Catherine. What are the words?

Eliza. Ask our friend, the Improvisatore; here he comes: Kate has a favor to ask of you, Sir; it is that you will repeat the ballad that Mr.——sung so sweetly.

Friend. It is in Moore's Irish Melodies; but I do not recollect the words distinctly. The moral of them, however, I take to be this:—

Love would remain the same if true
When we were neither young nor new:
Yea, and in all within the will that came,
By the same proofs would shew itself the same.

Eliza. What are the lines you repeated from Beaumont and Fletcher, which my mother admired so much? It begins with something about two vines so close that their tendrills intermingle.

Friends. You mean Charles' speech to Angelina, in "the Elder Brother.

We'll live together, like two neighbour vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another!
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn;
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

Catherine. A precious boon, that would go far to reconcile one to old age—this love if true; But is there any such true love!

Friend. I hope so.

Catherine. But do you believe it?

Eliza (eagerly.) I am sure he does,

Friend. From a man turned of fifty, Catherine, I imagine, expects a less confident answer.

Catherine. A more sincere one, perhaps.

Friend. Even though he should have obtained the nick-name of Improvisatore, by perpetrating charades and extempore verses at Christmas times?

Eliza. Nay, but be serious.

Friend. Serious? Doubtless. A grave personage of my years giving a Love-lecture to two young ladies, cannot well be otherwise. The difficulty, I suspect, would be for them to remain so. It will be asked whether I am not the "elderly gentleman" who sate "despairing beside a clear stream" with a willow for his wig-block.

Eliza. Say another word, and we will call it down right affectation.

Catherine No! we will be affronted, drop a courtesy, and ask pardon for our presumption in expecting that Mr.——would waste his sense on two insignificant girls.

Friend. Well, well, I will be serious. Hem! Now then commences the discourse; Mr. Moore's song being the text. Love, as distinguished from Friendship, on the one hand, and from the passion that too often usurps its name, on the other—

Lucius. (Eliza's brother, who had just joined the trio, in a whisper to the Friend.) But is not Love the union of both?

Friend (aside to Lucius.) He never loved, who thinks so.

Eliza. Brother, we don't want *you*. There! Mrs. H. cannot arrange the flower-vase without you. Thank you, Mrs. Hartman.

Lucius. I'll have my revenge! I know what I will say!

Eliza. Off! Off! Now, dear Sir,—Love, you were saying—

Friend. Hush *Preaching*, you mean, Eliza.

Eliza (impatiently). Pshaw!

Friend. Well then, I was *saying* that Love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world: and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well-known ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo, John," in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no every-day occurrence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicativeness and *utterancy* of heart and soul; a delight in the detail of sympathy in the outward and visible sings of the sacrament within—to count as it were the pulses of the life of love. But above all, it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summer-side of life—even in the lusthood of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age cannot take away, and which, in all our loving, is *the* Love;——

Eliza. There is something *here (pointing to her heart)* that *seems* to understand you, but wants the *word* that would make it understand itself.

Catherine. I, too, seem to *feel* what you mean. Interpret the feeling for us.

Friend.——I mean that *willing* sense of the insufficingness of the *self* for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own—that quiet perpetual *seeking* which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momently finds, and, finding, again seeks on—lastly, when "life' changeful orb has pass'd the full," a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience: it supposes, I say, a heartfelt reverence for worth, not the less deep because divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiarity, by mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate minds when they are conscious of possessing the same or the correspondent excellence in their own characters. In short, there must be a mind, which, while it feels the beautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its own, and by right of love appropriates it, can call Goodness its Playfellow; and dares make sport of time and infirmity, while in the person of a thousandfoldly endeared partner, we feel for aged VIRTUE the caressing fondness that belongs to the INNOCENCE of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies as had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty.

Eliza. What a soothing—what an elevating idea!

Catherine. If it be not only an *idea*.

Friend. At all events, these qualities which I have enumerated, are rarely found united in a single individual. How much more rare must it be, that two such individuals should meet together in this wide world under circumstances that admit of their union as husband and wife. A person may be highly estimable on the whole, nay, amiable as neighbour, friend, housemate—in short, in all the concentric circles of attachment save only the last and inmost; and yet from how many causes be estranged from the highest perfection in this? Pride, coldness or fastidiousness of nature, worldly cares, an anxious or ambitious disposition, a passion for display, a sullen temper—one or the other—too often proves "the dead fly in the compost of spices," and any one is enough to unfit it for the precious balm of unction. For some mighty good sort of people, too, there is not seldom a sort of solemn saturnine, or if you will, *ursine* vanity, that keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-importance. And as this high sense, or rather sensation of their own value is, for the most part, grounded on negative qualities, so they have no better means of preserving the same but by *negative*—that is, by *not* doing or saying any thing that might be put down for fond, silly, or nonsensical—or (to use their own phrase) by *never forgetting themselves*, which some of their acquintance are uncharitable enough to think the most worthless object they could be employed in remembering.

Eliza (in answer to a whisper from Catherine.) To a hair! He must have sat for himself. Save me from such folks! But they are out of the question.

Friend, True! but the same effect is produced in thousands by the too general insensibility to a very important truth; this, namely, that the MISERY of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year, the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily;—in all but the singularly unfortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of a man's life, are easily counted, and distinctly remembered. The happiness of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.

Catherine. Well, Sir; you have said quite enough to make me despair of finding a "John Anderson my Jo, John," to totter down the hill of life with.

Friend. Not so! Good men are no', I trust, so much scarcer than good women, but that what another would find in you, you may hope to find in another. But well, however, may that boon be rare, the possession of which would be more than an adequate reward for the rarest virtue.—

GLEANINGS ALONG SHORE.

"When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor his good wit seconded by the forward child—understanding; it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, Audrey, I would the gods had made thee poetical!"—*Shakspeare.*

ROBERT AND MATILDA—A TALE OF THE SEA.—Low water, a calm evening, the bright harvest moon, and nothing very particular to do, are great incentives to a stroll on the sands—and especially when a body is given to wandering and pondering all alone by himself, in preference to "mingling with the noisy herd of drunken folly at the shrine of chance;" and such a body do I confess myself. *Per contra*, an incipient corn, and tight boots, are sad impediments thereunto; in which case the sand-stroller rejoices when he finds something whereon he may repose, and rest his leather pester'd pedals; and this was partly my predicament one lovely evening lately, when I sat myself, down, right thankful for the accommodation, in a snug little hollow in the cliff between Margate and the North Foreland. It was, indeed, a lovely evening;—"the sun set and up rose the yellow moon"—"the blessed lady moon," sailing forth in serene and silent majesty, from her temple in the East; and I thought of all the beautiful things which Shakspeare, and Milton, and Wordsworth, and Moore, and Byron, have written about her—

"I look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rozy ocean, vast and bright;
I gaz'd upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
I heard the waves splash, and the wind so low,
And saw—

a pair of lovers stealing down the sands from the noise and nonsense, the clatter and the chatter of the balls, bathing-rooms, and rooms of Margate, to hold sweet converse on the lonely shore. At least so I conjectured, for, like Juan and Haidee,

"——they wander'd on, and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,
And in a worn and wild receptacle,
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd"

[*Continued in the Second Supplement.*]

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30TH 1828.

[*Continued from the Supplement*

on purpose for their use, they turned to res themselves; and as the said receptacle happened to be next door, as it were to the in which I was seated all unseen, I was reduced to the choice of two evils, viz.—either to run the risk of alarming the lady, by making myself manifest; or to remain perdue, at the manifest risk of overhearing their discourse. This was an awkward alternative for all parties;—but it is none of my seeking, thought I, and therefore by your leave Mr. Cupid, I will remain where I am—if it be only to hear "how silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night." And so I did: and, as Mat. Prior said, of a loving pair under somewhat similar circumstances—

Attentive stood the gentle nymph: the man
Broke silence first the tale alternate ran:—

He.—You arn't tired, Matilda, are you?

She.—Ah *wee*?

He.—Now, my dearest Maltilda! why will you speak to me in that nasty French?—You know I abominate every thing French—and why can't you answer me in English—the language of sincerity.

She.—Sincerely then, I am *excessive fatly gue*.

He.—There again!—more *French!*—But, Matilda love,—if you are so tired, why won't you sit down for a minute or two?—Come, my love.

She.—What upon this nasty white chalk!—a pretty mess I should make of my *puce grow de nap*!

He.—Well, but I'll spread my handkerchief under you—see here now—there, my love—it can't hurt now, you know.

She.—Well, there then;—I declare, Robert, you are a sad fiez to me.

He.—Now, my Matilda—dearest, loveliest Matilda, isn't *this* heavely?

She.—What?

He.—What!—why every thing;—the scene—the solitude—the hour—

She.—Aye, I dare say its nine o'clock! and I promised to go to Bettison's with my cousin Jem at half-past.

He.—Hang Bettison's and your cousin Jem!

She.—Oh, mon Dieu!—you'll be for hanging me next!

He.—No, Matilda, now—but really you are so unsentimental!—You are always talking about the time, instead of enjoying yourself.—Don't you remember what Tom Moore says,—

Ne'er ask the hour—what is it to us
How time his circle measures!
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

She.—Aye, its all very fine,—I don't see where's the pleasure of getting a good scolding.

He.—There! now you're anticipating again.—You always spoil the present time by anticipating;—don't you know the old proverb says, *anticipation* is the thief of time?

She.—*Procrastination* is the word, Robert, and I think that makes all the difference.

He.—Well, but, my beautiful Matilda, never mind the difference;—don't let us poison the present blissful moment by thinking of such uncomfortable things.;—

——Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the—

She.—Oh, by the bye, Robert, do you go to the Concert at the Royal Hotel to-morrow night?

He—No, indeed—I hate concerts!—and I hate every thing! almost. Only think now, of interrupting such a passage to ask such a question as that?

She—Why what's the matter with the question?—I heard you say something about *singing*, and it put me in mind of the concert.—I think the question was quite *apropos*.

He.—Yes, but you have put me out so unromantically. The question would have been all well enough if you had only been quiet till I'd finished the passage.

She.—Well then, finish it now, there's a dear creature and I won't speak another word till you have done.

He.—No, I won't finish that; but I'll repeat something of Moore's, which I've just thought of—

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile
Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.—

and that's exactly your case, my lovely Matilda—your face is all sunshine and smiles, but your heart's as cold—aye, as cold as can be!—and that's the very truth, Matty.

She.—I don't know how my *heart* may be, but my *feet* are as cold as *ice*—Bobby.

He.—*Bobby*!—why do you Bobby me, Miss?

She.—And why do you *Matty* me, Sir?

He.—Ridiculous girl!—you never had any love for me;—I see it *now*—clear enough!—

She.—You are a ridiculous man, I think, to see clearly by *moonlight* that which you never could see at *noonday*!

He.—Then you mean to acknowledge it, to you!

She.—I don't want to acknowledge any thing.—except that I'm very cold and want my supper.

He.—*Supper!*—good Heavens!—here's *sentiment*!—But come along Miss—I shall do myself the honour of seeing you safe home, certainly;—but if ever I—no, I'll suffer myself to be crucificed first!—But, no matter—here's my arm, Miss—here's my arm.

She.—I can do very well without it—Sir.

And away they went—four yards apart; Matilda holding up her "puce grow de nap," and picking her way among the pebbles how she could; and Robert, half a length in advance, quite dumfoundered and mighty sulky.—What became of them afterwards this deponent knoweth not; but as the said Robert really seemed to be a fellow of some soul, I will take the liberty of giving him, with your kind permission Mr Editor, a few words of advice for his Government in such like matters.

Love, quoth the poet—

Love is a *fire*, that burns and sparkles
In *men*—as naturally as in charcoals;

and therefore the said Robert being a man, and full of love, very naturally felt himself quite warm and comfortable—even in a somewhat damp hole in the cliffs on the sea shore by moonlight. But in *women*, love is not a fire—but a *plant*; and a plant, too, which thriveth very variously, according to the quality of the ground in which it chanceth to be implanted. In some, it thriveth lustily; and blossoms either in or out of doors, and any weather; whilst in others it will shrink and die away, unless warmly housed and carefully attended. Doubtless this was the case with the love of the fair Matilda for the said Robert; and therefore it was extremely imprudent in him to expose it to the chil night air, as he did; but if instead of so doing, he had accompanied her to the raffles, to the concert, or the ball, or to any other place of warm temperature, there can be no doubt that it would have bloomed as vigorously as ever; and he would have been spared the pain of fancying she had no love for him at all. However if he is not satisfied with such hot-house love, and is determined to put it to the poetical and moonlight test, he ought by all means to carry some few creature comforts with him—if only a small case bottle of *eau de vie*, and half a dozen tea-cakes; for whatever he may think to the contrary, he will find that

——lips though blooming must still be fed,
And not even love can live upon—moonshine,

Old Things.

There is a charm in every thing that bears the stamp of days gone by, which time has mellowed and refined—often imparting a value to them which they did not originally possess. I mean this paper as a small catelogue of some old things which naturally please every one—a mere list of hobbies.

Can thy fancy picture any thing more delicious than to taste a bottle of very old wine, Malaga or Madeira, which we have stumbled upon by chance in ransacking a neglected corner in the family wine vault—put aside by some former possessor, to be reserved as a *bonne bouche* for himself and his boon companions? With what delight we pull it forth from the mass of dust and rubbish which envelopes and encrusts it, and hold it up between the eye and the lanthorn, where through the dusty crust the clear amber colour is scarcely perceptible—like a ruby in a rough coarse setting—or like the evening sun glaring red and dim through the misty clouds and vapours of departing day;—with what bounding step it is borne up stairs to the dining-hall, and placed as a treasure-trove upon the shining oaken board, to attract the eyes of the guests—with what attention the progress and preparation and care in drawing the rotten cork, which still bears some private mark along with the family crest—and then, when slowly drawn, it is cautiously set down, each eye fixed on its mouth, as if expecting to behold a white column of smoke arise in woolly evolutions, as the Arabian tale informs us happened to the fisherman of Bagdad. Mark the pleasure glistening eye when it is poured into the glass; the hearty smack of lips, and low muttered expressions of gratification in those surrounding the board of the old family mansion—the time of the year, the beginning of spring when the day is closed at six o'clock—Imagine the table drawn nearer the wide hearth (crowned with a chimney piece as large as the cornice over a modern town-house door) wherein is blazing a huge shapeless root excavated from the adjoining park, and still encrusted with the remains of fibrous roots, throwing its healthful warmth throughout the room, and casting a red and intermittent glare upon the numerous family pictures hung around. I delight to be thus surrounded by my long forgotten ancestors, few or none of whose names are linked with the memory of any remarkable action, or stores of learning;—merely a dull dynasty of those who succeeded to and enjoyed the family estate, and were then quietly gathered to their fathers.

There is one portrait among the many which never fails to attract my gaze. A beautiful young female, once the toast and flame of the surrounding neighbourhood. The head-dress is totally different from all modern fashions, but raised in such a manner as to form a small pyramid, and without a single curl to shade the high shining forehead.—The long waist is drawn into seemingly painful and unnatural dimensions—broad Queen Mary frill—a nosegay in her hand—sweet relict of what has long ago been consigned to parent clay—a face which makes one sigh to think it has survived its beauty and youth; and every feeling of romance is chilled and dispelled by the cruel knowledge that she is my great grandmother.

Close besides her hangs the husband, a fine fresh young blade, whose chin seems to have never borne any mark of manhood. He is dressed for a hunting or hawking expedition—all ease and nature—no stiff starched dandy of our day, who courts the honour of a place on the walls of a modern exhibition of paintings.

There is something venerable in an old folio volume, stamped with the family arms, and evidently well thumbed by many a serious student—whether it be a treatise on hunting or a dissertation on heraldry, the evening recreation of the old squire, or some fine old copy of Petrarch, the constant companion of a romantic master or miss, and which, when casually opened, discloses a brown slip of paper, containing a rough attempt at translating a favourite sonnet, or canzone, written in a stiff, cramp, upright hand—but whether, a male or a female translator, hard to divine. Or perhaps stumbling upon a rose leaf, or wood ruff placed between the pages, and still preserving their fragrance, and concealing the musty smell of the already worm eaten paper, through which the small but well defined tunnel marks the progress of the insect. These tomes inculcate their learning and unfold their stores with the gravity and authority of a philosopher. How unlike the pert dapper duodecimos, and *multum in parvo's* of the present day, staring one in the face with all the impudence which a gaudy binding can authorise.

France—Unpopularity of the Bourbons &c,

We conversed the other day with a medical gentleman who has just returned from the City of Paris, and who, from what we knew of him, must have had both his eyes and ears open during a ten months residence in that capital. Party feeling still runs very high in France; and the Bourbons realizing more and more the truth of Sir Brooke Faulkner's remark, "that they live like exiles among their own people." Various circumstances have conspired to produce this result; but the chief cause of the King's unpopularity, is the encouragement and favour shewn to the Jesuits. These ultras in things spiritual as well as temporal, are never satisfied with a share of power; *aut Ceasar aut nullus* has long been the favourite motto of the order and about two years ago every Case resounded with the sentiment, that there was a power behind the Throne much greater than the Throne itself. Monsieur Villele, whatever his private sentiments may be, stoutly combatted this opinion, and the *Cour Royale* so far seconded his efforts, that they entrenched themselves behind an old law, and called on his Majesty to banish the Jesuits "forth the Kingdom." But as no steps have been taken to give effect to the above sentence, the King, like our own James II., has become the object of so much jealousy, that, if not a Jesuit, he is set down for one. Several of his ministers are supposed to belong to the same party; and the following anecdotes which we gleaned from our friend, and which, although they may be known elsewhere, must be quite new to the most of our readers, are strongly expressive of the feelings of the people. On a late occasion, a Priest, resident in the town of Mantes, and who was probably "set on" by some one else, not only carried politics into the pulpit, but in the course of an harangue more than ordinarily seasoned with ultraism burst into the following fit of intemperance—"there is no salvation for the King—no salvation for France, if the Charter be not destroyed." A sensation is easily excited in France and the anathema pronounced against the Constitution, for a time engrossed every other topic of conversation. The Police, who are all eyes and ears, carefully noted what was going forward, dragged the offender before the "Correctional Court," and ascertained from his own defamatory lips the most satisfactory proofs of his guilt; but though his crime was little short of high treason, they merely fined him in 100 francs or about £4 sterling of our money, on his expressing contrition for what he had done, and promising to behave better in future. The people smiled at the solemn farce, talked enigmatically of the signs of the times—of more being meant than met the ear, and even whispered to one another.

"Charles is a monk, and all things shew it;
We thought so once, and now we know it."

The Tartuffe, Moliere, has lost none of its zest from the lapse of time; Falstaff himself is not a more amusing original; and when the play is performed, the audience applaud and apply to the Jesuits, passages, which where levelled against priestcraft in general. This circumstance of itself affords a strong proof of the power of public opinion in Paris; for in some of the provinces where the Jesuits have numerous partisans, Molieres, ridicule is felt to be so potent that the police interfere and prohibit the performance of the obnoxious play. But satire, like a well known heathen divinity, is capable of assuming a vast number of shapes; and sometime in the beginning of the present year, curiously inked five-franc pieces representing his Majesty with a tunic, bands, three cornered hat, and every other adjunct of a regular churchman, were as plentiful in Paris, as if they had been rained from the clouds. This joke took amazingly; the inked pieces circulated rapidly from hand, to hand and excited so much alarm in certain quarters, that they were suddenly, and as if by magic, withdrawn from circulation. Charles, as the reader will recollect, was the first of his family, that entered France after Bonaparte's abdication in 1814, and on approaching the capital, he is said to have exclaimed, "nothing is changed; there is only one Frenchman more." Even this remark has been made the subject of a rude enough species of satire, and eagerly turned to his disadvantage. All the Journals have been filled of late with accounts of the beautiful specimen of the Came-leopards which the Pacha of Egypt sent as a present to his most Christian Majesty; strange as it may appear, medals were struck representing the animals entry into Paris, with this obnoxious legend underwritten—"nothing is changed—there is only one brute more." The remark of Bonaparte, "that the Bourbons, during twenty years' exile, had learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing," is also frequently in the mouths of the people; and in reference to the "great man" himself, they generally, in conversation content themselves with saying "he did too much good, for us to speak evil of him, and too much mischief, for us to speak well of him." After the restoration, a disposition was evinced to efface, as far as the paint and architecture were concerned, every permanent trace of the conqueror, and among other individuous reports circulated, it is said, that the splendid pillar in the *Palace Vendome* was, at one time, devoted to destruction; but the Government, if serious in this more than Gothic project, soon became aware of its utter impracticability; and considering the feeling which then existed, it would have been just as easy to have restored to the original claimants all those estates which, during the preceding twenty years, had belonged in succession to, perhaps, also as many different owners. The Ex-Em-press was fond of flowers, and a great patroness of the botanical art, and one newly discovered plant was called Josephina, in honour of her name; but the discoverer, like a true Vicar of Bray, re-inserted it in the nomenclature under some other letter of the alphabet; and this we understand, forms nearly the sum total of the sacrifices which science has yet made to despotism. The Censors are held more in abhorrence than ever Gaugers were in the Highlands: and in going to or returning from their offices, they run so much risk of being pelted or insulted that they are glad to ride in *Voitures*, guarded by a couple of *gens d' Armes*. The Press in this country is generally regarded as a sort of safety-vale, which check explosions by letting off any excess of political vapour; but the French authorities view the matter in a different light. Hence the rigour with which the Censorial office is executed, and hence too the blunders that are occasionlly committed. Not long ago, the overseers of the Press, struck their pens through a price-Current which had been previously published in the Town of Bourdeaux, as a thing quite in the way of business. And for what; merely because it contained the following words:—"*Les Brutes Bourbons en baisse*,"—words which commerce and fashion have rendered necessary, and which nobody, save the Censors, would have thought of torturing into any other meaning than that of "the raw Bourbon sugars." Busts of Bonaparte are as common in France, as they are in this country, but busts of his son are never

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seen, and are understood to be forbidden; and what is still more surprising, the people rarely speak of young Napoleon. Indeed, if fresh convulsions were to take place in France, (which may Heaven avert, and at the same time extend and preserve the great safe guards of regulated freedom) the sucessor of the Bourbons would in all probability, be the Duke of Orleans.

Of French morality, the less perhaps, that is said the better. The weekly recurrence of the blessed Sabbath is prostituted to the very worst of purposes, and too many of our countrymen vie with the French, in making it throughout a day of pleasure. To counteract this state of things, in as far at least as our countrymen are concerned, an English gentleman in holy orders, of great talent, learning, and piety, and what is more, of independent fortune, lately built a chapel at his own expense, and has done, and is doing, incalculable good by his weekly ministrations in the pulpit.

As a school of medicine, Paris has probably been over-parised. The ease with which anatomists acquire subjects, sent not a few of our countrymen thither; but Dublin, in this and other respects is fast rivalling Paris, and, numbers perhaps at this moment, more medical visitors than the other. French make discoveries, and we apply them; and the more candid of their practitioners admit that the English, Scotch and Irish, excell them in the knowledge of Therapeutics &c. Still it must be admitted, that the Parisians are admirable operators, although we would not go the length of our friend in asserting that it is worth while to present even a whole leg or arm to a French doctor to see how dexterously he will take it off. The facilities, too, for study, are very great: as a proof of which we may mention that a physician's diploma is a passport to every class, institute, and lecture-room, in the Gallic capital. Not a farthing is exacted by the professor, his assistants, or door-keepers—a degree of liberality which is very unlike any thing we experience in this country. For the matter of £100 or £120, a man may reside 12 months in Paris, and live genteelly all the time. Eight pounds per month is the rate of board in some of the best houses; and although only two meals a-day are allowed, these meals are sufficiently substantial. The custom is to breakfast at ten, and dine at half-past five. With the exception of fowls, the dishes are all what are called made ones; and though *vin ordinaire* forms the only beverage, and is merely drank during dinner, there is no limitation as to quantity. The practice of presenting coffee immediately after dinner, is now deemed vulgar, and rarely obtains in families that aspire to gentility.

All our readers must have heard of "Galignani's Messenger," and we may here mention that although it is published every day, (Sundays excepted) the proprietors sell ten thousand copies of each impression. This Journal is printed in English, and contains selections from the best British papers, with the local and political news of Paris, and almost every other city on the Continent. To all countrymen residing abroad, Gallignani's Messenger is a great treat and conveys to them more remarkable occurrences of their "father land" down even to the deaths and marriages. Our friend read in it a long account of the death and character of the late Mr. Robt. Hope, cattle-dealer, and generally contrived to pick up, through the same medium, a tolerable vidimus of the memorabilia of Dumfries-shire and Galloway. Didot is one of the most celebrated printers in France, and deals greatly in what is called the diamond type. The whole of Lord Byron's poetical works, beautifully printed in one vol. may be had for 25 francs or £1 sterling. Sir Walter Scott's novels appear in 5 vols. octavo, and those who know the secrets of the trade may be purchased for £4, or guineas. The duty on books imported is 1s. per lb. and forms a tax of from two to three shillings on a volume of ordinary size, and thickness. At one time it was reported that Washington Irving was in the employment of Didot, and busy editing a complete edition of British classics. But this is a mistake. The author of the "Sketch Book" has been some time resident at Madrid, and is understood to be at work on a life of Columbus.

A variety of incidents have occurred to make us acquainted with the present miserable state of our criminal law. A short time ago, a man, after many indications of premeditated malice, and in the perfect possession of his senses murdered his own child by cutting off its head. This wretch escaped from justice we believe, because there were some doubts about the real name—not about the identity of the child. Next, a stage-coach is upset by furious driving, and one passenger (besides many others desperately wounded) is killed on the spot. We certainly bear no ill-will to the driver, and, in the remarks we make, should be sorry to prejudice him in the case which still remains to be tried; but he has been acquitted of the charge of manslaughter, because there was no sufficient evidence to show how many mares and how many horses were in the team which he drove! And we have observed in yesterday's journal, that on the trial of a man at York, for the atrocious crime of poisoning his two illegitimate infants, the Court was *seriously* occupied about the names of those infants: first, whether any names had really been given them at the baptismal rite; and next, whether the names were WILLIAM and JAMES as laid in the indictment, or only WILLIAM and GEORGE; and had there been any error on these *weighty* points, though there was the mother and all the parish to prove the identity of the infants, still the murderer must have been acquitted, for the very *satisfactory* reason, that the innocent babes whom he murdered had not got names, whereas they were laid in the indictment as having each received a name; or because, though murdered by him, they were not named WILLIAM and JAMES but WILLIAM and GEORGE! One really, though the facts stare us in the face, can hardly believe that such absurdities can be gravely administered to the people under the name of law. It may be said, that our criminal code is severe enough in all conscience, and that by reducing these chances of escape, we should only render it still more cruel. The truth is, that if these foolish flaws let off only the less criminal, we should not bestow a remark upon them; but as they afford an opening indiscriminately to the greatest villains and the tenderest culprits, they are a disgrace and a reproach to our criminal jurisprudence; and if a spirit of lenity is to be infused into our criminal code, let reason prescribe the rule, not chance and nonsense.

We expect nothing from professional lawyers in this case; they are in general sufficiently occupied in administering the laws as they find them written, without turning their attention to the improvement of them; but it were greatly to be wished that some statesman, of a really capacious mind and strong intellect, would dedicate his time and talents to the improvement of the criminal code of the realm.

From the Times.

FRAGMENT OF A LECTURE ON HEADS.

Phrenology, whether well or ill founded, has at least had the merit of making the human head an object of careful study, and of calling attention to many facts which were previously either altogether overlooked, or very slightly attended to. Of its contributions in this way to the science of human nature, we have an interesting specimen in the number of the Phrenological Journal just published. It is a communication from an eminent London hatter, containing the results of his own experience, and of two or three others in the trade, respecting the varieties in the size of the human head, presented by different classes of the community, and different provinces of the country. The subject is extremely curious, and it is one upon which the testimony of the London wholesale hatters is of unquestionable value. They cover the heads of a great proportion of the provincial as well as metropolitan inhabitants, and as there are hats specially made for particular classes, such as sailors and livery servants, while the price of the others indicates the rank of the persons who wear them, there can be no doubt that these tradesmen have it in their power to gauge the brains not only of single individuals, but of the various classes of the population. The paper, we ought to state, is entirely of a practical nature, and may rather be considered as a contribution to the natural History of Man, than to Phrenology.

"The brain," says the Prince of living Physiologists, "is the material organ of thought. The volume of the brain is generally in direct proportion to the capacity of the mind. The only way of estimating the volume of brain in a living person is to measure the dimensions of the skull; every other means are uncertain"* Setting Phrenology aside, then, and speaking simply as physiologists, it will be seen that we have two important facts upon the very best authority—first, that size of brain is an indication of mental power; and, second, that the exterior bulk of the head corresponds with the bulk of the brain. Now, the hatters give us the horizontal girth of the head, and this though it does not include the depth, we know affords a pretty accurate measure of the absolute magnitude. If Majendie speaks the truth, therefore, these persons have the means in their hands of gauging, not only the heads but, to some extent, the intellects of all the people whose heads they cover.

Hatter's measure, the writer informs us, is the mean between the longer and shorter diameter of the head. Thus a hat, the cavity of which is eight inches long by seven broad, is said to be 7½ inches diameter of hatters' measure. The blocks for manufacturing hats are made on this principle, varying by ⅛ of an inch, from 5 inches, the hatters' diameter of an infant's head, to 7¾, that of a man's fullest size. The varieties of size of English made heads range from 6½ to 7⅞ inches of this measure, the medium and most general size being 7 inches. The range of the female head is from 6⅛ to 7⅛. The reader must not think that the difference in heads is trifling, because the interval seems to be small between these extremes. If he takes the trouble to calculate the cubic contents of two brains of the diameter of 6½ and 7⅛ inches, he will find that the proportions are 25 to 46, or that the one is almost twice as large as the other.

The London hatters supply hats of all qualities for the inhabitants of the metropolis; but the coarse hats used in the country are chiefly made in Manchester. The writer of the article has therefore the means of judging as to the heads of both the rich and poor in London, and he has the means of comparing the heads of the upper and middle classes of London, with those of the same classes in the country. Taking 7 inches as the medium size for all England, he finds, first, that the upper classes in London have heads above the medium size; second, that the lower classes have heads below the medium size; and, third, that the middle classes have heads of a size intermediate between the two. We give the statement in his own words:—

Commencing with London, a perceptible difference will be observed between the higher and lower classes of society. In the former, the majority are above the medium, while amongst the latter it is very rare to find a large head. This is easily proved by the different qualities of hats in requisition by each, in the manufacturing of which a distinct difference in the scale of sizes is observed. Taking the two extremes of society, this rule will be found invariable throughout the country, the middle ranks of life forming a medium between the two. Establishments at the west end of the town, confined exclusively to the service of the higher circles, require more large hats in proportion than other hatters whose trade is confined to the middle ranks; and again, the business with the lower class presents the same relation to the class above them, requiring a proportion of small hats than either of the other classes. These statements can be proved in a variety of ways. Take the average sizes of livery-hats for servants, the scale will be found less than for their masters. The sizes observed in furnishing a regiment of soldiers are easily ascertained. Seafaring men and individuals connected with shipping and on the water, wear a peculiar hat, and the japanned leather hat, the dog hair hats worn by carters, waggoners, and the labouring agriculturist, the round-crown-shoulder hats, in use by coal-heavers, coal-porters, &c., and the common plated hats in general request by the working classes, present great facility for judging of general measurements for the lower orders, in all of which, as compared with the finest hats made, there is a striking and manifest difference. In the lower ranks of life, the majority are below the medium of seven inches, and the higher classes of society above it. Not only a difference in sizes is observed, but also a variation between the two classes, exists in the circle of the head coming in contact with the hat, so as to influence the measurement. The upper portions of the head, comprehending the reflective faculties Ideality and Caution, come in contact, to increase the general circumference of the hat in the higher classes of society; but the same effect is not observed in the lower walks of life; the circle round the head in immediate connexion with the basilar region, the hat resting upon, or covering the ear, will show that the size is more to be ascribed to that fraction of the head than to the upper region. The slanting off of the lateral superior circumference much decreases the general measurement. The weavers of Spitalfields have extremely small heads, 6⅞, 6¾, and 6⅝, are prevailing sizes. In Coventry, almost exclusively peopled by weavers, the same facts peculiarly are observed.

We have next to notice the provincial varieties. In the counties lying north and north-east of the metropolis, Hertford, Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, the head is smaller than in any other part of the empire. In these counties the medium size for all England is a full size, and a man in the maturity of life is often found with a head only as large as that of a boy of six years of age. In Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, the heads are larger; in the interior counties proceeding towards the west, and in Wales, Devonshire, and Cornwall they are above the medium London size; but the northern counties, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cumberland, Northumberland, produce a greater number of large heads than any other part of England. Our own countrymen, however, have better heads than even the men of Yorkshire. The full size, which in England is 7⅜, is here enlarged to 7¾, and even 8 inches; and what is a large size in Essex and Hertfordshire, is below the medium, and almost a small size in Scotland. "The scale of measurement in furnishing hats for a Scottish regiment is larger than an English one." The writer acknowledges that he is not acquainted with all our provincial varieties, but he notices the fact, that in the orders sent to London from Aberdeen, an unusual proportion of large sizes are required. Every body knows that Aberdeen is the Yorkshire of Scotland, and that the inhabitants of the Scottish county in question have the reputation of being *far north* in understanding as well as latitude. An amusing illustration is given of the contrast between the Scottish and London heads of the lower classes.

A manufacturer at Manchester received an order from a London house to send off immediately a particular quality of hats. Having the same description of hats ready packed for Scotland, he sent off that package promptly to oblige his London correspondent, without any regard of the sizes, to the metropolis. To the mortification of the individual to whom they were invoiced, they proved to be perfectly unsaleable, from the whole of them being very large in size.

These facts in themselves are unimportant; many will say that it is of no consequence whether a man has a few ounces of brain more or less; but when we connect them with the doctrine laid down, in such distinct terms, by the first physiologist of the day, they evidently conduct us to some curious conclusion. Looking, for instance, at the varieties of fortune in the world, we are apt to regard life as a lottery, and to consider the wealth and grandeur of one man, and the obscurity and poverty of another, as the result of positive laws, of accident, or of some causes little dependent on his personal qualities. But when we find the large heads at the top of society, the small ones at the bottom, and the middle ranks occupying the middle place in the cranial scale, we discover the operation of a principle in what seemed to be the mere effects of chance and destiny. We must apprise the reader, however, that bulk of head, according to phrenologists, is not to be regarded as a token of intellectual talent only. It may arise from a great development of the animal propensities, of avarice, of the combative disposition, &c.; but in one shape or another it denotes *power*,—that is power of intellect, of sentiment, or of passion. Men of small intellects build up princely fortunes; but these men possess force of character, they act under some strong feeling, which directs all their powers into one channel, and that channel leads to wealth, perhaps through meanness or crime. Even to play *Sir Pertinax MacSycophant*, and become rich by *booing*, requires force of character. Persons of great intellect again often squander their patrimony, because their mental energy seeks employment in pursuits which consume their property, or at least divert their thoughts from the means of preserving it. The rapacious trader who amasses wealth may have as large a head as the philosopher who wastes his substance in schemes of ideal good; the size will be developed in a different direction. The one acquires riches; the other perhaps loses money and gains renown; but both distinguish themselves from the mass, and both, we may take for granted, have larger heads than those easy men who remain contentedly at the bottom of the social scale. The principal, in short, if sound, supplies us with a key to the revolutions of fortune in families. We see an individual rise in the world, and we call it chance, or good luck but it is merely a powerful brain mounting to its proper station. The descendants of this person intermarry with families of some class; and thus a race of large brains is continued in the upper ranks; or they cross in a wrong direction, lose their original distinction, and after riding in their coaches, perhaps change places with those who drove them. Were society founded on just principles, the *aristocracy of the brain* would predominate over every other; but many causes keep those down who are down; and a hundred devices have been contrived by rich men to prevent their heirs with small heads from sinking to the level for which nature designed them Hence we have many small brains in the upper ranks, and many large ones in the lower---though on the great scale there is apparently a correspondence between the size of the head, and the individual's station in life.

The Englishman consoles his self-love by ascribing the better success of our countrymen in life to *education*; but thanks to this curious observer, we know better. The Scotsman holds a higher rank in the Aristocracy of the Brain, and it is to this advantage he owes his superiority. The late Mr. Windham observed, that the good conduct of our countrymen was a part of the national character, and no more the result of schooling than our fair hair and high cheek bones---and he was right. It is evident that no degree of industry or skill could educate the small craniums of Norfolk up to the level of the Edinburgh or Aberdeen man.

We throw this out merely as a piece of of speculation, & leave the reader to believe as much or as little as he please. We admit that a large basis of facts is required to bear up so novel and singular a superstructure of doctrine, and it is partly with the view of inducing those who have the means of obtaining correct information to turn their attention to the subject, that we have prepared this article. Before concluding, we would again remind the reader, that the result of this doctrine is not to represent the upper ranks as either wiser or better than those below them, but only as having a large portion of those qualities which life men up in the world---*Scotsman.*

* Majendie's Elements of Physiology. We quote from Dr. Milligan's excellent translation, which has placed this valuable work within the reach of every English reader, Both the author and translator are anti-phrenologists.

The Morning Chronicle. Nov. 31.

Military Valour.—Buonaparte was about to give orders relative to a battery at Toulon, when a young Serjeant came forward to write from his dictation. A bomb fell near enough to Buonaparte and his Secretary to cover them with earth and gravel. "That's just the thing," said the latter, turning the page; "I wanted some sand to dry the paper." Buonaparte asked his name, &c. After this, Junot was promoted, and being addicted to intoxication, he was a bully and a duellist at Paris, and his unparalled skill at the broad sword, then a common mode of fighting, made him the terror of the capital. At length he quarrelled at a billiard-table with a young officer, who, in a spirited manner, called him out; and, to the suprise of every body, insisted upon Junot's favourite weapon, the broad-sword, deciding the contest. They fought, and a furious gash in Junot's abdomen cured him of his propensity for duelling. The antagonist proved to be Lannes, afterwards Duke of Montebello, whose intrepidity and daring spirit were the astonishment of the French armies: he was killed at the battle of Esling. At the assault upon Acre, when the Turkish scymitar proved too powerful for the European bayonets, and the headless bodies of the French were rolling down the breach, Sir Sidney Smith mentions a young French officer, who stood undaunted amidst the carnage, parrying the numerous scymitars which were directed against him, and laying every Turk who attacked him dead at his feet, whilst he was animating his soldiers to every possible exertion in the charge. This was the intrepid Lannes.—*General Foy's Memoirs.*

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